JOHN BULL, AUGUST 10, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1782

THE NAZIS' NIGHTMARE

by A.G.G.

AIR RAID FREE INSURANCE WE PAY £300 MORE

Good when you're TIRED

You've had something more than a drink when you've had a GUINNESS

In Field or Factory 'ASPRO' is a "FRIEND IN NEED"

Don't take the risk of your effort being interrupted or made burdensome by petty illnesses. For whether your work lies in the field or factory—in the home—or the Services, 'ASPRO' offers you quick, soothing relief from aches and pains—calm and comfort for those who are nervy or irritable. Sunglare headaches—summer chills—hay fever—rheumatic twinges—are a few of the ailments you may be up against. They are petty enough but sufficiently aggravating to mar your work or make you lie up. So it is good news to know that they can definitely be "nipped in the bud" with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets. Carry a few in your pocket or handbag. You will be surprised how often they will prove a true friend in need to you or your fellow workers. Just take two tablets when you feel "off colour." The pain will go—the nerves will be soothed. Those out of doors will find 'ASPRO' invaluable to avert sunglare headaches, summer chills or hay fever attacks. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' has no harmful after-effects. It is so safe and pure that a child can take it. 'ASPRO' does not work by drugging or depressing. It just soothes the nerves, relieves pain quickly but safely and, owing to its power after ingestion in the system as a fever-reducer, a solvent of uric acid and an internal antiseptic, it dispels the causes of much illness.

It means Freedom from

SUNGLARE HEADACHES — SUMMER CHILLS — IRRITABILITY — SLEEPLESSNESS — NERVINESS — HAY FEVER — SORE THROATS — ACHES & PAINS

HAY FEVER BANISHED

2 Shelley Avenue,
Mansfield Woodhouse,
Notts.

Dear Sirs,

Having been a sufferer from hay fever since I was 8 years old and am now 34 years of age, I dread summer time coming and have lost good situations through having to cease work. From 8 to 12 weeks it lasts. I have tried everything and anything to try and get a little relief and as a last resource my wife told me to try some of her 'ASPRO' which she has for her head. Since trying same I have not only been able to carry on work, but to work in a hayfield which previously I used to avoid.

I cannot explain how grateful I am for such a remedy. I only wish other sufferers would try 'ASPRO'.—Yours faithfully,

G. V. MILLNS.

NEVER AWAY FROM WORK NOW

125 Whippendell Road,
Watford, Herts.

Sirs,

I should like to express my grateful thanks for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefits I have derived from them. I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and had so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, am thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take some of your tablets the pain goes. I am never without them in the house now and never hesitate to recommend them to all my friends and anyone else who has any complaints.

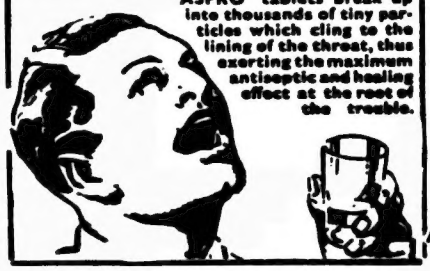
Wishing you the best of success for 'ASPRO'.

I am, Sirs, Yours gratefully,

J. H. CRAMPTON.

Dust—Heat and Germs cannot hurt your throat if you gargle with 'ASPRO'

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, etc. When immersed in water the 'ASPRO' tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.



HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are:—(a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, half tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO', like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.,

Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

NO INCREASE IN 'ASPRO' PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

Resoluteness

What better symbol of cheery tenacity than the British sailor? A friendly reminder of that "National" Cigarette which, through the pleasure and contentment it brings to thousands is helping in some measure to keep strong that national asset, resolution. Now as always, Player's Navy Cut stand supreme for dependable quality.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD . PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

N.C.C.1320

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 10, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

FAREWELL TO MR. COOPER

ONCE again poor Minnie is to be stood on her head. Once again the Ministry of Information is to be Spring-cleaned. Yet another Minister of Information is to be swept away with the dust.

So it is rumoured. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought.

But Mr. Duff Cooper's job is certainly in jeopardy. After being openly rebuked by the Prime Minister, he has crowned his record of ineptitude by his angry speech in the Commons last week.

Tantrums

It was a pitiful performance. It flaunted Mr. Cooper's ill-temper, his horror of criticism, his impertinence. It suggested a hankering for dictatorial powers.

It exposed his contempt for the Press. Without mutual respect and confidence between the Ministry and Press the position is impossible.

Plainly, Mr. Cooper is unfitted for his office. He should resign—and the sooner the better for Britain.

Doorstep Inquisition

The complaints that prompted his fury were actually the least important of all the charges against him.

M.Ps criticised his "snoopers"—those Ministry officials who have been firing questions at housewives and who in some towns have been mistaken for Gestapo spies

These questioners cost the country £250 a week. That money could be saved if Mr. Cooper read the newspapers that are delivered to his office each day.

For the newspapers reflect public opinion, which Mr. Cooper surprisingly wishes to learn.

Cut-Up Column

Yes, we are surprised that he is anxious to know what you and your neighbours are thinking about the war.

Hitherto he has been more anxious to tell you not to think about the war. Witness his ludicrous and costly "Silent Column," so contemptuously slaughtered by the Prime Minister after it had become the laughing-stock of the country.

Uplift for Parsons

So Mr. Cooper has had to find something else for his staff to do. It is a big staff, whose names take up eleven closely typed pages of foolscap and whose departmental chiefs are twice as many as in last October.

Mr. Cooper has found a suitable task for their highly paid brains. The writing of sermons for country parsons! Propaganda from the pulpit!

Keeping "Mum"

But it has not occurred to him to improve the lamentable British propaganda in the Balkans.

He does not give to American journalists the news for which they clamour, and for absence of which the American papers have to rely on German lies.

Nor, of course, does he secure worth-while news for our own public.

Not a Word!

A fortnight ago we hinted that Britain was already taking the offensive. We could not tell you more.

We cannot tell you the details now, for Mr. Cooper has not released them. But the Nazis know them, and naturally are keeping quiet about them.

Unwritten Sagas

Your newspapers could be filled with stories of British enterprise and gallantry if Mr. Cooper would persuade the Service chiefs to release them.

They would betray no secrets to the enemy; they would enhance our prestige the world over.

But Mr. Cooper doesn't seem to care.

Vain Hope

He cannot complain of a "bad Press." The Press, including JOHN BULL, greeted the appointment with enthusiasm

It was thought that Mr. Cooper, who had been pleased to write for the newspapers at high fees when he was politically "unemployed," would enable the Press to tell the public all that it should be told.

He has disappointed us. He has preferred to come to the microphone occasionally and, in superior accents, to tell the public nothing.

NO BOUNTY FOR FIRST V.C.'s WIDOW

ALL Britain admires the heroism that earned Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls one of the first two Army V.C.s of this war.

And all Britain has read with shame and indignation that his young widow may have to return to work because of her pitiably small income.

She will receive a pension of only 31s. a week to keep herself and her eight-month-old baby. Not a farthing extra for her husband's supreme gallantry!

To be sure, the V.C. may entitle some of its holders to financial awards.

An officer V.C. who cannot earn his own living may be granted an annuity. N.C.O.s and men receive a bounty of £10 a year.

But Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls is dead. And that bounty he never received died with him. His widow cannot claim it.

JOHN BULL maintains that this anomaly is unfair, mean and stupid.

The Regulations must be altered. Widows in like circumstances should receive the bounty for a term of years, or until the youngest child is sixteen years of age.

As a mark of our disgust at the regulations, "John Bull" will pay her the first year's "bounty" of £10.

We hope that our action will shame the authorities into immediate revision of regulations that deny to a widow the rewards earned by her husband for upholding the highest traditions of our people.

AIR RAIDS!

£300

MORE CLAIMS PAID

At 4.30 on a recent afternoon, many people in a town in the North of Scotland were idly watching a plane flying over, not guessing that it was a German machine until suddenly they saw two bombs released.

Mr. William Smith, a grocer, was serving in his shop when the bombs struck and was instantly killed. As the late Mr. Smith was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £100, the benefit provided under our Free Air Raid Insurance, has been promptly sent to his widow.

In addition, during the past week cheques for £100 each have been sent to the widows of Mr. John Phillips and Mr. Edwin Matthews who were killed in a raid over Wales.

These payments are made under our

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

UNDERWRITTEN AT LLOYD'S

which "John Bull" offers to every reader, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits.

So Act Now!

Registered readers automatically qualify for these benefits without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or newsagent Readers who have not registered can use registration forms from past issues or obtain them on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

The Man We Want

Obviously, the Minister of Information should co-operate with the Press.

He should realise that newspapers provide the best possible medium for spreading truthful propaganda; he should not waste money by sending loudspeaker vans through the country to preach "unity" to a people more united than ever before.

There are a few journalists in the Ministry of Information. Several have resigned.

They found it impossible to overcome the obstructions placed in their way by Civil Servants and Service red tape. There are too many "dug-outs" in key jobs!

Now it should be Mr. Cooper's turn to resign. In his place should be put a trained journalist with power to reorganise the entire Ministry.

Drop in the Ocean

Finally, a rebuke for the War Office. At last it has adopted Sir Richard Cruise's idea for a visor that, attached to a steel helmet, will shield a soldier's eyes from enemy bullets.

But only 5,000 of these visors have been ordered! Five thousand for the whole of the British Army!

The War Office must think again. It must think less timorously—and quickly.

(Continued overleaf)

★ MAKING A START ON PEACE PROSPERITY PLANS
★ AIRCRAFT EXPERT IS SCRUBBING ARMY DISHES
★ LUNCH-TIME "HOLIDAYS" TO KEEP WORKERS FIT
★ OFFICIAL SNOOPS BANNED FROM THE SHOPS

(Continued from previous page)

AFTER-WAR plans are already being drawn up.

There'll be a State medical service for all—so one of JOHN BULL'S longest campaigns will come to a happy end. The Government has been pleasantly surprised to find that most Harley Street men now favour the scheme.

Prosperity Buildings

Little doubt, either, that we shall get the Ministry of Building demanded by Mr. Marchbank, the railwaymen's leader.

It is proposed to avert post-war slump by a gigantic building programme for houses, roads, docks and bridges.

And it has already been made plain to the Government that the half-hearted methods of the Ministry of Reconstruction—set up after the last war—must not be repeated. Mr. Churchill agrees.

Never Again!

These plans are not so far advanced as we could wish. But a start has been made.

As we told you when war broke out, things can never be the same again. A new social order will be fashioned when peace is restored.

A few Diehards, alarmed at the prospects, are said to be seeking a method by which reforms could be blocked. A forlorn, dangerous hope!

Present from Eden

Meanwhile, smaller reforms go on. Mr Eden announces that war allowances are to be paid for children in a soldier's household who are not members of his family and not legally adopted.

Only stipulations: they must have been brought up in his home for six months before the claim and no allowance is being made from other sources.

One Better

JOHN BULL suggested to the Air Ministry and War Office, four months ago, that such allowances should be paid for youngsters maintained by an airman or soldier for five years prior to his enlistment.

We congratulate the War Office on going one better, though we suspect Treasury sanction took a long time to obtain.

Now we expect the Air Ministry to fall into line.

Cookhouse Waste

Next job for the War Office is to stop the waste of skilled man-power. Latest example:

Aircraft toolmaker and fitter joined up last April, was assured by the recruiting officer that he would be able to continue his trade.

But, though his company officer has recommended him for transfer, he is still scrubbing in an Army cookhouse.

Cold Comfort

And still it's easier to crawl through a barbed wire barricade than enlist in the R.A.F.

Ex-officer who volunteered was told that he had passed the medical test. Pushed on from one R.A.F. station to another, he was eventually ordered home—apparently to await discharge on medical grounds.

So now he's back, minus his job, minus a week's wages, and plus a raging cold as reward for his patriotism.

Lunch-time Holidays

But colds can be averted by non-stop office workers and others whose holidays have been cancelled. Synthetic holidays, worked out by specialists of the National Institute for the Blind, are claimed to be as good a tonic as the real thing.

Month's stay-at-home course includes twelve lunch-hour treatment by blind masseurs.

Next, seaweed baths for lovers of ozone, pine for those who dream of woodland uplands, brine for the would-be cruise tripper.

Sunlight on Tap

Finally, more massage and exercise, rounded off by artificial sunlight and electrical treatment.

A managing director of a munitions factory will have to pay more than his typist, but even the highest rate makes the charge of a seaside landlady seem exorbitant.

Ban on Sneaks

Thanks for another healthy change go to Lord Woolton, Minister of Food. His officers have been quietly told that no more agents provocateurs are to be employed to tempt shopkeepers to break the law.

"No pressure or persuasion must be used" in future.

Good. Better hound down the profiteers than badger the too kindly traders.

Slow-Motion A.F.S.

Sir John Anderson, whose passage through the Commons becomes increasingly stormy, could at least gain a little approval by worrying more about the A.F.S. than the silly "death sentence" courts that will probably never be needed.

We do need the A.F.S. And we need it to be shorn of the red tape that is fast making it just another Civil Service department.

It has taken one war time fireman twelve days to get an answer to an urgent query! You can imagine the memos. which he and his immediate superiors have had to write to get it.

Babies or Bedlam

Mr. MacDonald, too, is a Minister who must keep closer watch on his officials.

A maternity home has been taken over as a casualty clearing station—and the maternity wards moved into a mental hospital, much to the distress of mothers sent there to have their babies.

Were they Drowsy?

A reader was asked by two Servicemen to take them in his car to an aircraft factory where they had formerly been employed.

He stopped the car at the sandbagged entrance. But the sentry smilingly waved him on. So he drove inside and was free to wander about the works.

Sentry couldn't have recognised him as a "Friend; all's well," because the driver had never been there before and was obviously not on business, being dressed in sports shirt and shorts.

Surely Not

Naturally, neither the King nor Lord Halifax objected when Home Guards halted their cars at the approach to a most important objective near Liverpool.

Orders have now been given that vehicles must be allowed to pass without inspection.

Surely not because a few local bigwigs may have objected. There must be a better reason than that—but what is it?

West Riding C.C.

Pleasant contrast is the organisation of the West Riding County Council.

Its A.R.P. services have "tremendously impressed" the Inspector-General of A.R.P.; 300 members of its central staff have joined the Home Guards; many others are special police or wardens; large numbers of its women employees have volunteered as nurses.

We apologise for the statement in our issue of July 20 that the council's employees are forbidden to engage in these activities.

Lost to Adolf

British merchant service is now nearly twice as big as before the war.

Among the additions are 2,700,000 tons of Norwegian shipping, chiefly oil tankers. And that figure doesn't include the Norwegian whaler fleet that Goering had banked on for his whale oil supplies.

Keeping it Dark

Nazi ban on communications from non-occupied France was not to speed up preparations for invading Britain.

Real reason: to prevent news of the R.A.F.'s successful attacks on Channel ports from becoming known and thereby encouraging French resistance.

Hard Times Ahead

Already the Nazis are preparing the French for famine this winter by reminding them of the shortage in Germany in 1918, and warning them that they may experience the same hardships because of their "war guilt."

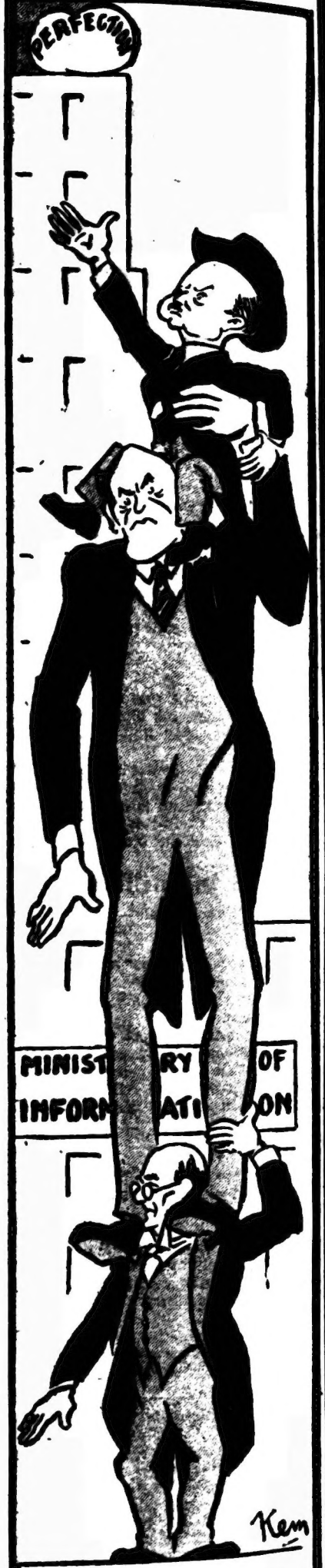
Italy's war lords, anticipating similar hard times, are telling their people that all our ports are burned to the ground.

Just to encourage them to put up with three meatless days a week instead of two!

Short of Staff

Significant, above all, is that Goering is increasing his demands on Italy for air force gunners, wireless operators and junior pilots.

German air losses are carefully concealed. The Italians are told only that they are going north to get a little first-hand experience.



WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

The Unforgivable Sin

PERHAPS IN HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS NO SIN IS UNFORGIVABLE, BUT NATIONALLY AND IN TIME OF WAR, COMPLACENCY IS BEYOND PARDON; IT IS THE RUBBER PAVEMENT WHICH LEADS SOFTLY INTO THE MOUTH OF HELL

FOR long years our dignified statesmen, our "distinguished" diplomatists, many of our leading writers, and a multitude of the "privileged classes" trod this rubber pathway to perdition.

They were halted on the brink of the precipice by the voice of the country itself, expressed through its free newspapers and its free Parliament.

For a little while there was confusion in the van and from that confusion the present Coalition Government emerged.

But even now, when we are marching steadfastly along a harder and a firmer road, our progress is hampered by the dragging feet of those who walk too tenderly upon the harsh and unaccustomed metal of fact and reality.

Indeed, the influence of the complacent "Old Gang" persists in high places.

We have made no secret of our opinion that the Government would be strengthened by the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Simon, Lord Caldecote, Sir Samuel Hoare, and, indeed, every other disciple of the old and bankrupt policy of "Appeasement."

Among those disciples we should include, though he is a permanent official and not a Cabinet Minister, Sir Horace Wilson, so long the hidden power behind Chamberlain's tottering throne. All these men remain in positions of influence. We were prepared to believe that Mr. Churchill did not, at first, feel strong enough to get rid of them.

To-day we are confident that he could, if he chose, "sack the lot" without shaking public confidence, and even without causing any serious "riot" in Westminster.

He has not so chosen. He feels, no doubt, that the very appearance of Government unity has its importance, but *we* still wonder whether the country may not be paying too high a price for "preservation of certain ancient monuments."

* * *

THE lingering complacency of which we particularly complain, however, is revealed in a growing Ministerial tendency to ignore public opinion and to despise the Press, *which is now its sole means of expression.*

And we warn the Government that it cannot hold the enthusiastic support of the country by mere appeals to patriotism and the constantly implied suggestion that all criticism is disloyalty and all questioning impertinence.

Even the Premier himself has recently referred to the Press in faintly patronising and slightly contemptuous terms.

JOHN BULL, in common with most other newspapers, has always maintained that the Commons ought never to hold secret debates unless there are *urgent* strategic reasons for so doing.

Mr. Churchill converts this general view into a demand that the Government should "take the nation, and the enemy," fully into its confidence.

That suggestion was quite unwarranted, and the Prime Minister, who must know how scrupulously the British Press has refrained from publishing anything even remotely likely to help the enemy, could scarcely have meant it seriously.

Nevertheless he clearly had no intention of allowing Britain's foreign policy to be freely *and fully* discussed in open session.

This inference is inescapable because the Premier told the House of Commons that two statements had been prepared—the one short and the other long—to be delivered according to the circumstances.

In other words, no matter how the House had voted, the Government did not intend to take the Press or the *people* into its confidence.

Some readers tell us that it isn't "patriotic" to criticise the powers that be. They don't realise, poor simpletons, that if we were gagged, they would be gagged, too.

Our function, as a great organ of public opinion, is now, as it always has been, to speak our mind without fear or favour and to denounce the complacency heresy wherever it may be found.

Officially, of course, complacency has gone dead out of fashion.

When Mr. Anthony Eden announced the other day that he was setting up a committee of "Big Business" to supervise all War Office activities and to cut through the strangling undergrowth of Red Tape in that immense department, we rejoiced unfeignedly.

* * *

EVER since the war started, JOHN BULL has been pressing for action of this sort. It still presses for a similar business control of the nation's entire war industry.

But we do not complain specifically of any of the Service or Supply Departments, because they are in the hands of men who have the courage to defy tradition and are determined to get results at all costs.

We protest solely against the obvious tendency in some other Ministries to treat the grown men and women, who are fighting this war, as though they were a lot of children.

It isn't a bit of use to tell *us* that the United States may come in on our side; or that Russia is bound in the long run to clash with Germany; or that revolution is sure to break out in enemy-occupied territory.

We realise that any one or all three of these things *may* happen, but, meanwhile, we *know* that the war has resolved itself into one desperate match—The British Empire *v.* The Rest.

And that being so, we say that the very essence of good propaganda on the home front is to give the country as much actual news as possible, and *not* as little.

We do not pretend to understand why certain heart-stirring stories of recent British *offensive* action have never been told.

Every newspaper could have told such stories, but none was allowed to do so. Instead, the public has had to content itself with a succession of official communiqués, usually as meagre as they are uninspiring.

* * *

JOHN BULL reminds the Government solemnly that "the voice of the people" is still the voice of God.

That voice has shattered Duff Cooper's "Silent Column"; it has compelled the Home Office to review the grosser and more stupid sentences passed upon a few "old women" and careless gossips; and it has driven Sir John Anderson to promise some revision of internment orders.

But we tell you that none of these reluctant concessions to public opinion goes far enough.

The Silent Column may be smashed, but "Cooper's Snoopers" are still busily analysing the public's "morale."

We only wish one of these "official investigators" would call for a little chat with us to glean our views of the Ministry of Information. Afterwards we might lend him our editorial blue pencil with which to censor his own report!

Again, though a few "chatterbug" sentences have been remitted or reduced, it is still a fact that plain men and women are afraid to say what they think in public places.

And, finally, Sir John Anderson has missed the whole point of the public's indignant protest about the internment and imprisonment of so-called "enemy aliens."

He is releasing boys and girls in their teens, a few women, a few aged and sick people, a few key workers and employers of labour—but he is *not* yet using intelligent discrimination to release *all* Hitler's known enemies, and so to make them our devoted friends.

In the eyes of the neutral world we have done ourselves and our high cause great harm by this casual and panicky persecution of a host of helpless refugees.

Complacency—let us repeat it—is the one unforgivable sin of which the Government of a great country, fighting for a noble cause, can ever be guilty.

And while JOHN BULL retains its ancient freedom, it will never connive in this sin against the people or against the people's cause.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

"IF YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HEAD..."

LIKE all other human beings, British people have plenty of faults, but they have many virtues. Prominent among them is the ability to keep their heads.

And the virtue of being able to keep calm in an emergency is worth a few moments' consideration.

It is among the most valuable things we can learn to do.

It is not hard if we understand what underlies it.

We must be realists.

We must be willing to face facts, to take life as it is, and not to pretend it is something different.

If you are going to keep your head, you must look life and facts in the eye without fear.

You must be strong-minded enough to refuse to be influenced by talk or behaviour, no matter who talks or behaves, unless *reason* tells you that you should do likewise.

To act just because you may have been excited emotionally is not good enough.

That's not keeping your head.

That's coming within nodding distance of panic.

You must learn to depend on your own judgment.

You must have confidence in yourself.

You must be able to think things out for yourself.

You must be able to judge men and things. Above all, you must be quite indifferent to what other people may think of you.

Kipling knew.

"*If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you,*" he wrote, "*you'll be a man, my son.*"

At all costs learn to keep your head.

Any nation whose people can do that is impregnable.

These French girls willingly toiled long hours in the munition factories to help their country combat the Nazi legions. But they won't make munitions for their conquerors!

CAN GERMANY EXPLOIT FRANCE?

asks Raymond George

NOW that France is no longer our ally, the Germans count on turning her soon into an active enemy.

Destruction of the French Fleet at Oran has, of course, been seized on as a weapon against us.

The French have not been allowed to know that their fleet was in danger of falling into German or Italian hands. They have not even been allowed to learn the armistice terms in full. All they know is that the British have fired on their ships and that French sailors have been killed.

Naturally they are bewildered and resentful.

That is the ground on which agents from the Goebbels lie factory have sown their seeds.

Leaflets dropped by the R.A.F. are beginning to spread the truth, but the poison of the Nazis and Marshal Pétain's puppet Government is being injected in increasing doses.

The French are an exceedingly intelligent race. They know the Germans better than we do. They distrusted them long before we began to distrust them.

At the moment they may be ignorant of the causes of their own defeat, but they will not long remain ignorant.

If Germany uses France against us, it will be an unwilling France. It will be a France ready to resist such exploitation by secret methods, by stay-in strikes and sabotage.

In some ways, of course, Germany is already using France in the war with Great Britain.

She is using the ports of the French coast, both on the English Channel and on the Atlantic. She is using these ports as submarine bases, and to conceal therein the flat-bottomed boats and small fast motor torpedo craft on which the Nazis count for their long-planned invasion of Britain.

GERMANS are also using French aerodromes. They are seizing French stocks of food, petrol, rubber, iron and steel, copper and nickel.

French prisoners of war are being sent into Germany to work on the land, since agricultural labour is scarce in the Reich.

All these things the Germans can do since they are the military masters of France, and since these raw materials and this manpower are at their mercy.

But much of the industrial wealth of the country—the mines and factories, the railways, steel and textile mills—were destroyed by bombs and shell fire.

How far, then, can the Nazis exploit the *future* productivity of France against us?

First consider France as a food-producing country. Before the war she was self-sufficient except for imported coffee and rice, a little wheat, a little wine (yes, wine was actually imported into France from Spain, Portugal and Algeria).

War has ruined her agricultural economy. The Blitzkrieg not only trampled under foot, or set on fire, immense crops of wheat and barley, oats and maize and sugar-beet, which would have been ready to harvest this summer in the eastern, northern, and north-western departments of France. It also stampeded towards the west and south of France immense peasant populations with their horses and cattle, their farm tools and waggons.

THESE peasants, the backbone of France, are now huddled below the Loire, in unoccupied France.

The Germans are anxious to get them back, and to start agricultural work going again on the farms. But the peasants know what is in store for them—forced labour, confiscation of their crops, a starvation wage.

So they refuse to move, even though conditions where they are living now are pretty bad and getting worse.

Even if the German military authorities, supported by the vassal Government of Pétain, insist on the return of the peasants to the farms, I doubt if farm production will benefit the Germans much this year.

The French peasant is a slow and stubborn creature, brave and astute. He fought the Germans in the last war, and beat them. He has no sympathy for the younger generation which threw down its arms and fled before the Nazis this time.

It will take a large German army to keep the French peasant docile and productive—an army which will considerably reduce the strength of the forces against us.

Most French peasants own their own land and are naturally conservative. Even where they call themselves Radical Socialists, their radicalism and their socialism are far more conservative than our own.

Not so the factory workers, among whom Communism has made considerable progress.

The French Communists were against the war, but they are even more against the Nazis. First thing the released political prisoners did when the Germans reached Paris was to march down the Champs Elysées behind them singing the *Internationale*.

Indications are that strikes and industrial troubles are multiplying in France, both in the occupied and in the unoccupied region.

I should not be surprised to see the anti-Nazi revolution begin in France, and spread to the other countries conquered by Hitler. And it will begin as soon as Hitler experiences his first defeat.

Bombing Fritz into Revolt

Night after night the R.A.F. soars over Germany to devastate her industries—and to goad her tricked people into rebellion. Already the Gestapo is losing its grip and its nerves.

HITLER has a Silent Column. Its slogan is the Nazi equivalent of "Mum's the word."

Its job is to keep dark the paralysing effect on public morale of the R.A.F.'s non-stop raids on vital military objectives in Germany.

People in the bombed areas are told that the havoc must not be mentioned, in order to keep information from the British bombers.

* * *

That is plausible. What doesn't make sense is that what the eye sees is flatly denied on the Nazi radio, which constantly attempts to spoof the rest of the Fatherland by repeating that little or no damage has been done and morale in the devastated areas is as high as ever!

In the face of these bewildering contradictions, the Silent Column has become a leaky column.

News of raid havoc and demoralisation travels fast. Some of it has crossed the Nazi frontiers.

Latest attempt to hide the truth is another blow struck at the Jews.

The High Command has issued an urgent order to the police for the wholesale expulsion of Jews from a large number of towns—which significantly include several where military objectives have suffered most from the R.A.F.'s incessant onslaughts.

* * *

Among them are Bremen, Hamburg, Emden, Kiel, Ludwigshafen, Mannheim, Cologne, Aachen, Duisberg, Dusseldorf, and Dortmund, all of which constantly figure in Air Ministry communiqués.

Nobody suspects the Gestapo of uprooting these unfortunate people from their homes for the humane purpose of saving them from the anxiety due to the bombings!

The Gestapo chiefs seem to have lost their own nerves under the strain. They are swooping on private houses after every air attack; many people, though protesting their innocence, have been arrested and sent to concentration camps on charges of "co-operation" with the R.A.F.

* * *

Nazi radio beats the "no damage" drum to keep the truth from spreading, while workers in the devastated areas see the truth with their own eyes and live in a perpetual state of nervous tension.

They are ordered to stay at work throughout the raids so that there will be a minimum interference with production.

The rest of the population spends sleepless hours night after night in shelters, which are becoming so overcrowded that householders are now being compelled to leave their doors and gates open during the night raids so that anybody can enter their houses for shelter.

* * *

Despite all the efforts of the Silent Column, it is known that vital areas of the Ruhr and Rhineland are in ruins.

Normal traffic in places is paralysed to a standstill.

Large numbers of workers have the greatest difficulty in reaching their work in what is left of the factories.

Nazi leaders deny this, but it is significant that special arrangements have just been made to assist workers thrown idle for two weeks or more.

Moreover, it is officially admitted that feeling in the Rhineland is one of revolution unless reprisals are quickly undertaken against Britain.

Nothing short of Hitler's long-planned aerial *blitzkrieg* and invasion are likely to stop the rot, and then the R.A.F.'s demoralising onslaughts will be still further intensified.

First-hand evidence through neutral channels shows that large sections of the German population are in no mood to continue being spoon-fed with highly contradictory accounts of what Nazi raiders are doing to Britain and the R.A.F. is doing to Germany.

For weeks past the Nazi radio has given it out that the Heinkels and Dorniers have caused colossal havoc in Britain and that our fighters have suffered losses four and six times greater than is the truth.

Now, Goering professes that these raids were nothing more than "armed reconnaissances."

Which is the nonplussed German populace to believe?

* * *

Even the British Air Ministry communiqués give an incomplete picture of the two-months' bombings.

In this intensive period they have approached a total of something like 500—an average of about eighty every week, practically all being large-scale operations covering a vast variety of military objectives.

Such targets in and around towns like Cologne, Dortmund and Hamm have been blasted twenty different times at the rate of once every third night for eight weeks.

Not once in two months has bad weather kept the R.A.F. bombers away from Germany. Only two or three times has it prevented them from effectively finding their targets.

* * *

Yet Germans have been spoon-fed on the fiction that Britain's is a "fair weather" Air Force and that Goering's defences are invincible!

They remember the fat Field-Marshal's boast that the British would never be able to drop a bomb on German soil.

They recall the whole empty tale of a Nazi air force that could smash any rival to bits whenever it chose and prevent war from being brought into German towns.

THEY ARE CEASING AT LAST TO BELIEVE IT. THE REVOLTING VOICE IN THE RHINELAND IS A SYMPTOM AND AN OMEN.

OPEN LETTERS

L.-Cpl. JOHN LEE WARNER,
Queen's Royal Regiment

Dear John,—You seem to have staged a second "Dunkirk" on your own.

Disguised sometimes as a French cyclist, sometimes as a workman, once as the husband of a crossing-keeper, and at last without any disguise, you got away twice from Nazi prison camps, reached the Spanish frontier, were arrested by the French guards, and then shown by them how to cross into Spain without being seen.

Grand work! Be sure that, back in Britain, you'll never again have to retreat.—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. A. DUFF COOPER,
Minister of Information

Dear Sir,—As a French scholar you must surely have noticed that the leaflets we are dropping on France are worded in very stiff French.

Were they written by pedantic dons? I suggest that in future they should be done by men who speak colloquial French.

And I register a protest that our propaganda in the Balkans is still as dry as chaff. What a grand opportunity you are wasting!—John Bull.

DIVISIONAL PETROL OFFICER,
Manchester

Dear Sir,—There are no trains or 'buses early enough to get a war worker to his job, yet you refused extra petrol for his car.

By calling upon you he succeeded in making you change your mind. But now, after a fortnight's delay, you have again refused his application, though since he works seven days a week you must know that he could not waste fuel on pleasure trips.

What is he to do—give up his job and stop "doing his bit" because of your short-sighted parsimony?—John Bull.

MILITARY SECRETARY,
The War Office

Dear General,—Mistakes are inevitable in a vast organisation. But here is one that, you will agree, must not be repeated.

On May 20 a reader's husband was reported missing. On July 19 she was notified that he was a prisoner of war in Germany. On July 22 she was again notified that he was "missing."

Imagine her months of anxiety, her sudden hope that has now been destroyed: her dreadful uncertainty whether her husband is alive or dead!—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

Dear Sir,—You waste your breath by appealing for volunteers to help bring the harvest in.

A reader's offer was referred to the local War Agricultural Committee, which tells him that they have no vacancy and suggests that he should look round for one himself.

But he might spend his whole fortnight's holiday in tramping the countryside without finding a farmer who needed his help.—John Bull.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Secretary for War

Dear Sir,—If invasion comes, will the Home Guards be hampered by lack of organisation?

There is no question of their eagerness to serve. There is no doubt that in many districts they are highly efficient.

But there are other areas—and important ones—where their keenness is blunted by red tape, lack of training, and fusty officers whose minds have not progressed since the Boer War.

One detachment is commanded by a retired major, aged seventy, who is far from energetic, aided by a "county" gentleman who treats the whole business as "rathah a bore."

The men have never paraded. They have never met all their comrades in the same section. They have had one lesson by an Army instructor—but no roll-call was taken and nothing has happened since.

Another area commander is a retired colonel crippled by rheumatism. He has appointed as section leaders a man who is said to be a confirmed drunkard and two parsons who have no experience of firearms—passing over men who are good shots.

A company near London has been ordered to immobilise petrol pumps to prevent their being used by the enemy.

None of the sixty-three men is an engineer, and the method chosen would certainly not succeed in its object.

One of the men has devised a sound method—a device easily made from scrap metal—but he cannot get it considered by his superiors.

I am therefore sending it to you with the necessary blue prints, and I hope you will see that it receives immediate attention.

Above all, I must remind you that weeks ago you promised to organise the Home Guards within the framework of the old Territorial Army.

Clearly, this has not yet been done. But further delay might cost us dearly.

So give the Home Guards the chance to become 100 per cent. effective, clear out the Blimps and armchair laggards, insist on first-class training and discipline everywhere, speed up the issue of equipment!—John Bull.

Sir HORACE J. WILSON,
Head of the Civil Service

Dear Sir,—Many of your underlings think they should waste paper, not save it.

Forms for cheap milk are being sent out in thick O.H.M.S. envelopes measuring ten inches by four inches. Small documents are posted in ten-inch by eight-inch envelopes.

A little thing—but it indicates a lot that is wrong with officialdom.—John Bull.

Sir JOHN REITH: If you "don't know" how railways are overcharging soldiers for food and drink, find out and stop it.—That's your job.—JOHN BULL.

Field-Marshal GOERING,
Berlin

Sir,—You may be right in boasting that the 'planes you captured in France have made good your losses.

Maybe your enormous petrol consumption in May and June was offset by supplies from France and the Low Countries.

But, naturally, you do not confess your anxiety at the constant bombing of your aircraft factories.

You dare not admit that your main source of oil imports has now been closed, that the R.A.F. is destroying your reserves, and that you can meet only half your urgent oil needs by home production.

And in your heart you must dread the perilous situation that will confront you after a few more months of blockade.—John Bull.

The COUNCILLORS,
Rayleigh, Essex

Gentlemen,—Your firemen, on duty forty-eight hours at a stretch, cannot sleep because of the plague of flies from the council's dump near by.

Take a look at your fire station some time—and expect to hear some blunt speaking.—John Bull.

Air Marshal E. L. GOSSAGE,
Air Member for Personnel

Dear Sir,—R.A.F. men have been punished by an hour's drill for four nights. Their offence? Appearing on parade in dirty clothes.

But they are engaged on greasy work, often in mud and rain.

You'd stop injustice and resentment by issuing them with overalls.—John Bull.

Mr. RALPH ASSHETON, M.P.
Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Labour

Dear Sir,—Remember that appeal for motor mechanics to register for war work? Several of my readers who have done so are told by the employment exchange manager that he has no idea what to do with them.

After calling at the exchange week after week, they have given up the quest in despair.

Perhaps their skill is not required just yet. But they shouldn't be given the impression that they are not wanted.—John Bull.

President ROOSEVELT,
The White House

Dear President,—I have no patience with those who ask why your country does not declare war immediately. For I am convinced that, though nominally at peace, you are giving Britain all the help that is possible at present.

Aeroplanes, guns, motor transport, money, hospitality to our child refugees—all are offered without stint. Why, to quote a small but significant item, you are sending us 470 tons a day of Red Cross supplies.

Soon, I am sure, your help will reach unprecedented proportions.

Soon you will be allowed to sell us your old but useful destroyers to aid our Navy.

But first we must convince your people that we are strong enough to be worthy of your support. And we shall!—John Bull.

The Course of Commonsense

COMMONSENSE is something which the whole world can estimate, it's man's humble valuation that is written on Life's Slate. It adds up to an answer that's as simple as it's plain, it stands for Human Enterprise with its debit and its gain.

COMMONSENSE is something which can level problems out, it's a forthright clear-cut factor which pierces any doubt. It has no favoured bias, it has no fancy creeds, it's the interchange of coinage that supplies man's human needs.

COMMONSENSE is something that holds light as well as shade, it's not a Living Factor, it's a balance which is made between dreams and ambitions, and fairness, and hard facts, and whenever Commonsense is tried men find out that it acts.

COMMONSENSE is something that cannot be denied and to keep it within usage men in all lands have died, for it shines above their sacrifice like a Beam of Sanity. Life's Coat of Arms is Commonsense and it's Worn by All The Free.

COMMONSENSE is something that Christ held very high, for between commonsense and goodness there's an inseverable tie. It was the Commonsense of Jesus which Lit The World With Hope, and those who go against it fall backwards down Life's Slope.

COMMONSENSE is something which we will never yield to coercion, or to threats, or to Forces in War's Field. It is our breadth of Living, our outlook and defence, and all the Guns of Heaven Thunder Commonsense.

THUS Commonsense will conquer as it has always done, for when Commonsense prevails, the Fight against Wrong is Won, and all the Tawdry Standards that Glitter with Evil Force are swept away when Commonsense Takes its Appointed Course.

J. M.

DUSTBINS ARE IN THE FRONT LINE

Your waste paper can save the lives of British seamen. Old bones can bring Nazi bombers crashing to earth. A ton of scrap iron will make 480 anti-aircraft shells!

IN the last few days a new defence force, the Salvage Army, has come into being. The "other ranks" in this army are the housewives of Britain. The transport officers consist mainly of municipal dustmen. Commander-in-Chief is Mr. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Supply.

All local authorities with populations of over 10,000 are required to arrange efficient systems of collection for household refuse.

Why has Britain suddenly discovered a fortune in her dustbins?

Let us start with paper.

About 3,000,000 tons of paper were used in Britain every year in the form of newspapers, pamphlets and books, writing-papers, wrapping-paper and boards.

One million tons of this was imported, which means 500 voyages by a ship with a cargo capacity of 2,000 tons.

In peace time we don't mind those voyages, or paying for them. But in war not only can British money be better spent, but the lives of British seamen can be better employed than in bringing so much paper to this country.

Particularly is this the case if our dustbins can replace the imports.

Your old newspapers, magazines, letters and brown-paper bags are required at the rate of 10,000 tons a week for cardboard alone.

MUCH cardboard and paper is required in modern warfare. A special type of paper is used in the manufacture of explosives. Our airmen flying over German-occupied ports to spy out preparations for Hitler's threatened invasion use special photographic base paper.

A tube of rolled paper is the simplest and most efficient method of wrapping a shell, to save it from damage and to ensure that life is not risked by rough handling. Many small paper parts in the form of discs, washers, tubes and cups must be available at munitions factories before a shell or cartridge can be filled with explosives.

Paper and cardboard and cartons provide food containers for the troops. Your old love-letters can easily finish up as cartridge wads.

Old garden tools, empty tins, aluminium milk-bottle caps and the scores of other valuable pieces of metal we have been in the habit of carelessly throwing away will also be collected in future.

PARTICULARLY vexed problem in the use of old tins, simple though it seems, was getting the labels off.

Nowadays the tins are put into a huge revolving container, through which jets of water spurt. Rough edges of the container scrape the labels from the tins as they are whirled round.

Then the tin goes into a revolving oven, which melts off the solder. The solder falls into the ashes, is collected and used.

Afterwards it is "pickled." It goes through hundreds of vats full of chemicals until, at the end of its journey, it is shovelled into the hydraulic jaws of a monster that crushes hundreds of tins into a flat and neat bundle for remelting.

Here are a few figures on what the salvage of old metal means to Britain. To make one ton of raw steel without salvage it is necessary to use three tons of iron ore, two tons of coal, one ton of pig-iron and five hundredweight of limestone, plus labour and transport.

But one ton of scrap iron collected from dustbins will make one ton of steel

Just a pile of "old junk"—but not unwanted. For it will help to strengthen our front line against Nazidom

without any of these extra things, and out of that same ton of scrap 480 anti-aircraft shells can be produced.

OLD bones are just as useful. If we collected two ounces of bone a week from every household, Britain would have 20,000 tons of bones a year.

It's difficult to imagine that gnawed relic left by the dog knocking the nose off a Nazi bomber, but explosives are one of the products of old bones.

They also yield fats for soap, glue of extraordinary strength (sometimes able to carry more than 1,200 lb. to the square inch) for aircraft construction. And, when all these have been extracted, there remains bone meal for feeding pigs and cows and for use as a fertiliser.

From 20,000 tons of bones Britain can produce the explosives for millions of shells.

Then there is waste food—a touchy question if there are a number of pets in the household.

If household scraps can be used to feed chicken, there is no economy for the nation in saving it for collection, but chickens are obviously more useful to the nation than a multiplicity of cats or dogs.

A LONDON borough has more than 100 fat pigs, fed solely from collected kitchen scraps. Watford, in Hertfordshire, has a pen of prize pigs fed on waste alone. All over the country pig clubs, run under the auspices of municipal councils, are springing up.

BRITONS HAVE NEVER REALISED HITHERTO THAT THE BACON PURCHASED WITH GOOD POUND NOTES FROM DENMARK WAS IN THEIR DUSTBINS FOR THE ASKING.

But the success of the scheme depends above all on loyal co-operation.

This is where the housewife comes in. If your local authorities are slack, it is up to the housewife to see that they don't get away with it.

A letter to the town clerk, or a word to a councillor, will ginger them up. In the last resort you can write to the Ministry of Supply himself.

One of the good things this war is going to do for Britain is to stop waste. Not only will your dustbin help to win the war, but it is going to beautify our countryside.

Every ton of waste paper retrieved saves a green tree from the pulp mills. Every piece of old iron slows up the growth of unsightly slag heaps.

"Waste not, want not" is a proverb we are learning late—but, fortunately, not too late.

War Contracts Scandal

NOW that the war costs Britain £57,000,000 a week, there is urgent need for tighter control of national expenditure.

Although efforts have been made to prevent millions being squandered in fat contracts to various powerful trade monopolies, the recent report of the Committee of Public Accounts shows that the taxpayer is still being let down badly in many respects in circumstances which can and must be avoided.

First let us deal with some of the staggering admissions contained in this report, which, for various reasons, will not find its way into the homes of many ordinary taxpayers.

Squandermania

When the War Office decided to build a block of storage buildings, "somewhere in England," the cost was estimated at £70,000. But that figure had become £3,500,000 before the work was finished.

The Air Ministry spent £250,000 on a site for the construction of a large aircraft repair depot.

Money was poured out in a never-ending stream for weeks before somebody decided that the site was unsuitable, and the whole thing was abandoned. A quarter of a million pounds, mark you!

In suggesting that the Ministry of Supply should use its powers "to ensure that prices paid for steel supplies are fair and reasonable," the Committee of Public Accounts uncovers another disturbing story of official extravaganza.

When it was known that two and a half million Anderson shelters were needed urgently, it was decided to dispense with trade competition.

So the cost of shelters up to June last was £16,100,000.

Enquiries made by a JOHN BULL investigator into many other matters reveal a disquieting state of affairs.

There is no doubt whatsoever that wangling "costs" has become a fine art when practised by some war contract firms. And the Committee of Public Accounts is obviously uneasy about some aspects of the situation.

Check Them!

No industry should be exempt from an obligation to submit costs to investigation by a Government accountant.

Mere acceptance of the other fellow's figures is not enough.

In fact, the closer the investigation of these huge contracts the better for the country.

Powerful combines must be prevented from battening on the nation's war effort.

We are at war, but we still have time to enforce honesty as the best policy.

Further, uneasiness about contracts is shown by the Committee's report on structural steel for the Air Ministry.

". . . The rate of profit for the time being is considerably higher than that which it was understood was to be included in the prices adjusted by the industry under earlier arrangements."

Committee members plaintively add, **"We fail to understand why this should have been permitted."**

Don't we all?

Eye-Opener

Another appalling admission has been made by the Home Office.

It seems that there is no systematic or periodical stocktaking of certain regional stores or other of the Department's establishments.

With minor exceptions, stocktakings have not been systematically carried out either of stocks held by the Department itself or by local authorities.

Let us turn now to the Admiralty.

Apparently the Admiralty places orders for certain supplies (without competitive tendering) at prices considered "fair and reasonable" by the technical departments concerned.

But in two instances where such recommendations had been given the Admiralty decided to test by costing the prices quoted.

Important reductions were secured immediately.

Yet the Admiralty admits that in no other instance have recommendations been tested.

What in the name of the long-suffering taxpayer can you do about that?

If glaring instances of profiteering are discovered a committee sits, and eventually makes a report that generally finds its place in the limbo of forgotten things.

Not a Blink

This scandal has become so evident that when the State makes a gift to railway shareholders of £40,000,000 of the taxpayers' money, Parliament scarcely moves an eyelid.

As we are spending £57,000,000 a week on the war, we must make sure that we are getting value for our money.

The rising tide of profits, to say nothing of the cost of living, suggests that Whitehall has yet to tackle the problem in a much more stringent manner if John Citizen is to get a reasonable run for his money.

Balkans Jig-Saw

Will Stalin and Hitler clash in the Balkans? The Soviet Premier's new avowal of friendship with Germany has been received with scepticism for the reasons explained

By HARRY GREGSON

NOBODY imagines that Stalin has put his heavy boot into the Balkans merely to get back the agricultural province of Bessarabia, with the like of which Russia is already surfeited.

To understand Stalin we must remember that Russia suffers acutely from persecution complex.

It believes the tirades it launches against "Imperialists who desire the destruction of the Soviet régime."

It does not believe in a change of heart on the part of Britain because we are at war with Germany.

British policy, let it be admitted, has given Russia cause to mistrust us.

We fought the Bolsheviks near Archangel. We raided Russian trade premises in London.

Many people in Britain have professed undisguised hatred of Bolshevism, and our pre-war attempts to reach an understanding with Hitler could have only one interpretation in Stalin's eyes—a wish to turn Nazi aggression eastwards to the Russian Ukraine instead of westwards to France and Britain.

Men like Stalin and his associates, who spent the greater part of their lives in conspiracies against the corrupt rule of the Czar, are highly suspicious. Without it the Russian Revolution would not have succeeded and these men would not be in power to-day.

But Stalin suspects Hitler even more than he suspects the British Empire. Hitler has proclaimed openly his aims with regard to the Ukraine in "Mein Kampf," and Stalin believes that Hitler has the power to realise them. He is afraid of Hitler.

When a man is afraid of a powerful neighbour, he looks to his front door, side door and back door.

Stalin's front door was Poland. By taking half of that unfortunate country, he reinforced the approaches to his front door.

The Baltic States, his side door, were deprived of their independence and all the population of German descent shipped back to Hitler's domains. Finland, whose frontiers were too near to Leningrad to be comfortable, was subdued. In the north and centre, Stalin felt tolerably safe.

THERE remained the back door—Rumania and the Dardanelles.

Stalin saw his chance when the collapse of France left Rumania stranded. So did Hitler, Hungary and Bulgaria.

In Bukovina, one of the Rumanian provinces partly taken over by Stalin, there was a powerful Nazi minority. There were also many Ukrainians, and the Nazis were never tired of telling the Ukrainians that one day Hitler would come over the border and set up a Ukrainian State under Nazi auspices.

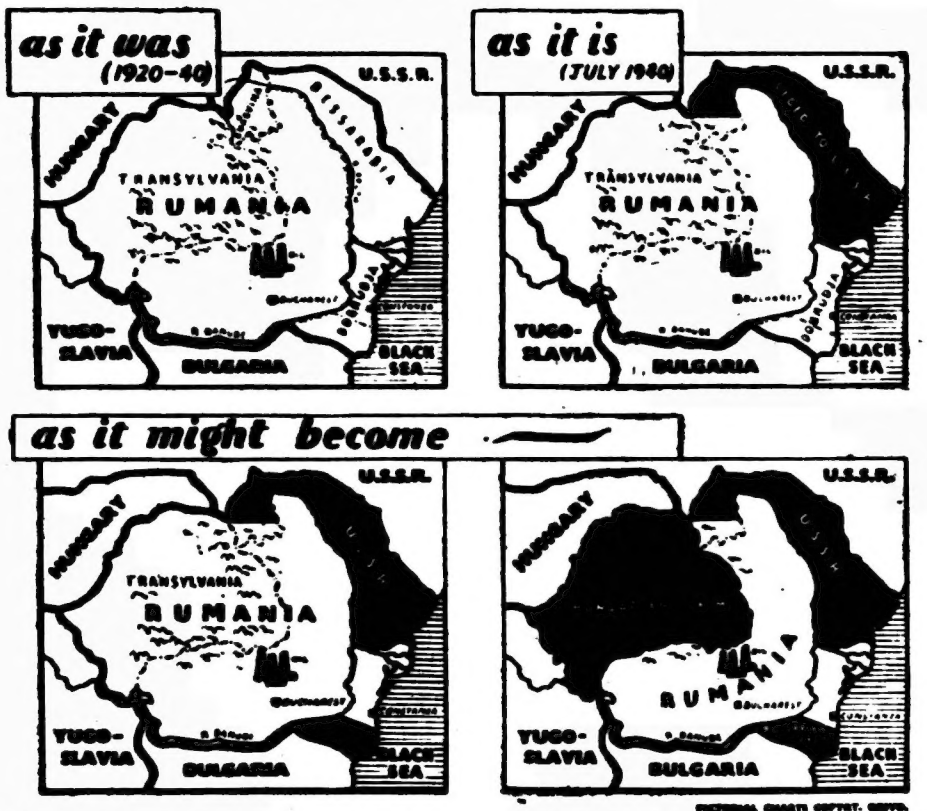
With one swoop, Stalin made sure that Bukovina should never become the nucleus of an independent Ukraine.

There was also a Nazi minority in Bessarabia, and Rumania proper is honeycombed by Nazis. Between September last and March of this year, no fewer than 3,000 new German "business firms" had established themselves in Rumania.

Protecting Rumania from Russia was the natural barrier of the River Dniester, fortified by the huge defensive dykes known as "Carol's Moat." By seizing Bessarabia, Stalin got behind this moat and brought himself up against Rumania's second line of defence, the River Pruth.

Thus the easy country of Moldavia opens up before Stalin.

A little beyond are the Rumanian oil wells, so essential to Germany's war industries. Beyond these lies Bulgaria, already half in love with their Russian kinsfolk, and Bulgaria is on the way to the Dardanelles.



Rumania, historical hot-spot of the Balkans, has seen many changes—and may see many more. This map-chart shows you the more recent developments, and possibilities of the future

If Stalin stops where he is, he has a trump card for keeping Hitler polite, at least so long as Hitler is engaged in the West.

If he goes further, Stalin ensures that the Black Sea, around the shores of which lie Russia's greatest oil refineries, manganese, coal and iron ore deposits and great machinery-building factories, shall be kept immune from Nazi clutches.

There is even a chance, and a good chance, that the Slavs of Yugoslavia will welcome, like the Slavs of Bulgaria, their great Russian brother, as nowhere among Slavs are the Nazis popular.

In that case Russian influence would extend from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and Mussolini, who so strenuously opposed alleged Bolshevism in Spain, will have it brought right up to his coastline.

That is the case for Stalin.

WHAT about Hitler? His idea of Balkan independence is Balkan peasants growing soya beans for a bare subsistence and selling them to German industries at prices fixed by Hitler.

In exchange for Rumanian oil he offers second-hand armaments, the shells for which must be made in Germany, and tools for ploughing the land.

With mass-produced German shoddy goods he will purchase the results of the toil and sweat of the labouring peasants. As in France, Hitler frowns on any but "peasant nations."

So long as the destruction of Britain remains his main aim, he would doubtless like the Balkans quiet. Only in this way can he feed Nazis with Balkan produce.

He would also like them quiet because, whether he strikes against Britain in these islands or in Africa, a Balkan flank in turmoil would be a serious inconvenience not only as regards his oil and food supplies, but in a military sense as well.

Hitler has not lost sight of the fact that the present is harvesting time in the Balkans, and poor though the crops are this year, they are too valuable to the strained economy of the Nazis to be destroyed by marching troops.

BUT Hitler's friend, Italy, wants to know what she gets out of the war, and Italy's friend, Hungary, is also impatient, not to mention Bulgaria.

If Hitler were finished with Britain he would solve the problem in the typical German manner. "An iron fist is better than an argument" has been the German maxim since the time of Bismarck.

But until then, Hitler will probably advise caution. He does not care much what happens to any Balkan State so long as the Balkans continue to be his granary.

Whatever the temporary outcome of the present shuffles in the Balkans, one thing is certain. Russian policy and German policy are opposed in the long run as Slav and Teuton have always been opposed in the past. In the end it will lead to war.

Equally certain is that Stalin and Hitler do not trust each other. How could men who habitually make and break promises trust each other?

Because Stalin is suspicious of Britain only to a slightly lesser degree, his mistrust of Hitler is not at the present moment of much aid to Britain's fight against Nazidom. Indeed, while doing all he can to strengthen Russia's position at Germany's expense, Stalin will possibly continue to profess the sincerest affection for Hitler.

Although Russia's interests run parallel to ours, especially in the Far East, where Japan is becoming so troublesome and where both Britain and Russia have an interest in an independent China, Britain must continue to look to her own arms and American supplies for victory.

Actually, so far as essential materials for the war are concerned, the Balkans have never meant a great deal to Britain.

In times of peace we found it far more convenient to draw from the Empire the oil, minerals and agricultural produce which the predominantly peasant States of the Balkans yield.

We had in the Balkans a great many investments.

Largest British capital investment was in Rumanian oil companies.

The amount is difficult to estimate, as many of these companies are owned jointly by British, Dutch, French and American interests, and their shares are always being bought and sold. Some put it at £12,000,000, others at £20,000,000

In Yugoslavia British capital was invested chiefly in lead, zinc and pyrites mines.

British capital in Bulgaria is insignificant.

When war broke out Britain's interest in the Balkans increased, not because of any value to us economically, but because the supplies from there meant so much to Germany.

Nazi purchases were blocked in various ways.

Collapse of France changed the whole position.

We are faced with an embarrassing position, but our hands and our consciences are clean.

Ultimately, these factors will prove of greater weight in securing justice than the policy of "grab" with which Stalin and Hitler are playing each other.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

FOOD-PRICE RACKET MUST BE STOPPED

JUDGING from the protests I am receiving from housewives in all parts of the country, it is imperative that we devote some of this page to exposing the food-price ramps that are flourishing to-day.

And when I say "We" I mean you and me.

There is no need for us to waste time condemning any creature who inflates prices these days for his own wretched ends. Our opinions of such "patriots" are the same; it is only the language with which we might describe them that would vary.

Condemned . . .

Instead of pointing the finger of scorn, let us reveal some of their machinations, for as soon as we drag the facts of these food scandals into the limelight of publicity, you'll find that the offenders will do their best to deny their "crimes."

These food rackets are like weeds, sapping the vital energy from our war effort. They have been condemned by every executive in Whitehall. Yet every morning my postbag bulges with evidence of their vitality.

I don't doubt that every effort is being made by the Ministry of Food to root them out; I don't want to belittle the work of any Government Department.

Write to Me

But I am determined to go on publishing facts about the most blatant food scandals until my postbag ceases to contain such complaints.

AND I WANT YOU TO HELP ME!

It's up to you to tell me what is happening in your neighbourhood. You can tell me where the local organisations, created under the Central Price Regulation Committee in London, have failed to prevent price inflation, short weight ramps, profiteering and deliberate evasion of existing regulations.

Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, whose department is tightening up the food-price "loopholes"

These organisations have done good work, but the woman with the shopping basket knows in what way they cannot beat the unscrupulous tradesman. That is going to be our job.

Like the man who writes from West London, you can tell how the butcher was charging three shillings and threepence a dozen for eggs even though the maximum official price was two shillings and ninepence. The butcher had made sure that he alone had eggs to sell in his district.

Trust him for that!

And the near-by greengrocer, realising that eggs at such a price would be considered a luxury by many housewives, immediately put up the price of tomatoes. Instinct told him that women would fry tomatoes with bacon instead of eggs.

Canned Goods Racket

He wanted his slice of "profits." So within an hour his tomatoes went from tenpence a pound to one shilling and threepence

But that is not all. I also have evidence to prove that many canned foods, stored in large quantities for many months before the outbreak of war, have been released as war time "iron-rations"—at double the price that was asked this time last year!

Tradesmen have taken advantage of the Government's advice that householders should lay in a small food reserve in case of emergency.

Naturally, such a reserve must consist largely of canned and bottled goods.

What a chance for the price trickster!

In some cases prices have risen from 48 to 320 per cent. since the war.

Lunch tongue to retailers has been increased by sevenpence in a few months, by tenpence since the beginning of the war. Why should housewives be called upon to pay one shilling and sixpence more now than before?

Money for Jam!

Widespread profiteering followed the recent decision of the Government to issue a special sugar ration for household jam-making purposes. Indignant housewives have written particularly about this phase of the scandal, and the following quotation is typical:—

"Imagine my indignation when I found that black currants had gone up from tenpence a pound on Tuesday to one-and-nine on Thursday," says a Doncaster housewife. "Gooseberries were tenpence instead of fivepence."

It was the same with raspberries, loganberries and strawberries.

A further special sugar ration is now being issued for jam-making from plums, and I am glad to hear that the Ministry of Food is considering a controlled price-list for plums and late fruits. This, better late than never, will prove a severe check to the profiteers.

Local branches of the Central Price Regulation Committee have just begun a special investigation into the rising prices of jam-making fruits. They will be empowered to demand books and accounts of fruit growers and dealers.

It has already been found that within twenty-four hours of the Government announcing that a further special sugar ration would be allowed for jam-making, growers raised the price of plums by fifteen shillings a ton!

Poor Suffer

Sir Douglas McCraith, Chairman of the North Midland Price Regulation Committee, said recently: "To raise prices to the highest figures the public are prepared to pay can only result in hardship to the poorer members of the community. This must not be allowed."

Of course it must not.

That is why I ask you to give me the facts about your tradesmen. I'll publish them!

WELL, I'M GLAD TO HELP!

HERE is an extract from one of the many letters I am naturally proud to receive:—

"Now I want to thank you for the interest you have taken in my case on so many occasions, and for which I am profoundly grateful. . . .

"I shall continue to follow your articles in JOHN BULL, and hope you will be able to carry on the good work for many years to come.

"With all the best wishes . . ."

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

ALTHOUGH I can publish only some of the information sent me by readers, I find much of it useful for filing in my records.

Important data, for example, forwarded by Mr. A. G. Cummins, Hollywood Avenue, Gosforth, have been dealt with in this way. He receives this week's £1 1s.

So—write to me about anything which you think worthy of investigation. And please mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Sham Concert "Star" with Many Names

★

Notorious Sharp's Postbag Lure

★

Bogus Lawyer Robs Soldiers' Wives

★

If You're Ill, Don't Go to Corelli!

ANY scheme to provide entertainment or comforts for our Fighting Men makes first claim on public sympathy. That's why a plausible crook whose impudently assumed names, among many others, include those of "Fraser," "Wells" and "Taylor," has hit upon it for living by his wits.

He looks for charitable folk, mostly elderly women, and produces documents that suggest he is a concert artiste now organising "shows" for the troops.

Asking for financial help, he offers to print the names of patrons on his programmes and bills.

At a South Coast hotel recently he met a woman noted for her benevolence, and managed to get a big sum from her. Now the police want him for working the same trick elsewhere.

* * *

I AM receiving so many enquiries about the Home Work King's latest racket that I must repeat my warning;

No matter what guise he adopts in his advertisement, ignore the offers of Leslie Archibald Spikesman, whose present address is Belleville Road, London, S.W.11.

* * *

SOLDIERS' relatives should be on guard against a "lawyer" crook who calls to tell them that the soldier is in serious trouble through breaking military regulations and urgently needs money.

The crook is Frederick Burke, though lately he's been working this fraud under the aliases of Sharpe, Jones, Spencer, Graham and Scott—and he's been on the police Wanted list for many months.

* * *

WATCH, too, for charming women who call at houses in areas where air raids have occurred only a few hours earlier and pretend to be distributing bandages and other "treatments" for cuts and burns.

Talking about "large numbers of casualties in last night's raid," they suggest their distribution is free and that they have volunteered for the work.

But when they have handed over the bandages, etc., they demand payment! That people are led to believe they come from certain hospitals and welfare organisations is just clever "show-woman-ship"

* * *

MR. CORELLI, White Horse Road, Thornton Heath, rides a bicycle to visit his "patients," who believe he can cure almost any ailment.

Corelli himself, though he's not a doctor, offers "consultations and medicine (from 2s. 6d. upwards) for any of fifty-four diseases—including epilepsy, pleurisy and heart disease!

Dangerously stupid for very sick people to place themselves in the hands of such a man!

EPICS OF THE R.A.F.

They Escaped From Enemy's Jaws!

This story of a hazardous flight over Nazi Europe is typical of the deeds of bravery being performed night and day by Britain's heroes of the air

By Stuart Martin

SERGEANT-GUNNER JOCK was deep in thought as they helped him across the apron to his quarters. He looked as though he'd been pulled through a burning gorse bush, dropped in a duck pond, cleaned a chimney and gone without sleep for weeks.

"Bad trip?" someone asked.

"Bit exciting, but nothing whatever to complain about."

"Tired?"

"So-so!"

And when eventually the story was pieced together from what was said by Jock and his pilot there appeared an incredible epic of R.A.F. resourcefulness.

This Welshman, nicknamed Jock by the strangely perverse humour of the R.A.F., was one of three men in an aircraft that had penetrated deep into Germany with its squadron, had sailed over Prague and was returning over occupied territory when it ran into trouble.

The aircraft was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of fifteen Messerschmitts, angry hornets obviously out for a kill.

It was morning.

There was not a cloud in the sky, and below lay miles of still torn country now occupied by German troops.

"Keep formation" was the order from the British squadron's leader, but the attack was so fierce from all sides that formation could not be kept after the first blast of gunfire.

It became necessary for the British to select their foes and to deal with them individually.

Jock, from Wales, first felt the attack when bursts from two Messerschmitts started rattling on the tail of his machine, the bullets ripping through the fabric and splashing against the metal, hissing over and above.

Jock heard a shout and turned to see the observer crumped in his seat. He had been shot through the head, and blood was dripping from his brow.

One of the Nazi's incendiary bullets ripped through Jock's tunic; seared his shoulder. He smelled burning cloth.

Yet he had a feeling of exultation because one of the Nazi machines had swung into the line of his sights. As Jock pressed the trigger of his gun flames from his tunic blazed into his face.

He slapped them out with his hand, and turned to see that his aim had been accurate. The Messerschmitt was going into a spin.

He gave it another burst; then a third.

The Nazi went round like a top, and dived out of sight to destruction.

But the second Messerschmitt was joined by another. And above them zoomed a third, which dived, firing almost continuously.

The British machine was getting it from all sides. Jock worked his gun as he had never worked before. He sent bursts into one, swung round and fired at the second, had a glimpse of the third and let go at it.

The British ship was staggering.

This hammering was more than any machine could stand. The pilot was wounded, but was still doing his best to control an uncontrollable craft. He was steadily losing height.

"You'd better jump for it, Jock!" yelled the pilot. "I'll try to save the crate or jump, too, if I can't."

As he spoke the pilot gave a turn to the craft to aid Jock to get out. He must have unconsciously pulled the rip-cord of the parachute. At first he found himself dragged by the aircraft and then the resistance ceased and he was in the air.

The parachute had opened all right.

HE felt himself dropping slowly, hung by the straps around him.

German soldiers who had left their transport lorries on the road to watch the aerial battle reached for their rifles and started shooting at him as he descended.

He heard their bullets.

He also felt the strengthening wind.

Till then it had been blowing in gusts. Now the gusts increased, and he was borne some distance away. Yet the soldiers continued firing at him even when he was out of range.

He landed in a meadow that was torn and scarred by artillery fire. Heaps of earth had been thrown up, but beyond this meadow was a flat field of grass, and beyond that field a small wood.

He came down pretty hard and rolled into a hollow.

Night after night, whatever the weather conditions, these Blenheim bombers carry the war in its most deadly form to the heart of Nazi Germany

Disentangling himself from his parachute, he tried to rise to his feet, but he found that the incendiary bullet, clipping him on the shoulder, had done more than rip his tunic.

It had caused a flesh wound that had bled freely.

THE earth into which he had fallen was soft and wet, and after several attempts to rise, he at last found his feet. Dragging himself up the slope of the hollow, he saw German soldiers running towards him. And as they ran some of them were firing.

Jock had no weapons, but he did not want to be taken prisoner.

He had information that he wanted to bring back to his squadron. He determined to run for it. He made for the wood, hoping to find a hiding-place there.

He reached it, pursued by the Germans.

He dived into it, searching for a nook where he might hide. And then, peering through the trees, he saw in a flat field beyond the wood the machine from which he had dropped.

He raced on and reached it.

The pilot was still in his cabin, trying to take off, when Jock reached the craft. He climbed in.

"Had to come down," said the pilot. "Got her going now, though. Let's go!"

He tickled the engines, which roared in unison again, and as the aircraft taxied Germans burst into view from behind the wood, shouting and firing.

Several of them ran towards the machine, spreading their arms wide, as though to stop it.

The pilot was bringing the ship round into the wind and the Germans did not stand a chance. It "stopped" several Germans before its wheels left the earth, and Jock "stopped" more with his gun.

The ship rose shakily, spitting and spluttering, but the pilot coaxed it upward. It skimmed above the wood, almost touching the trees, then circled back and spiralled to several thousand feet.

At that height it flew over the German camps, the target of every gun within range. It was hit once or twice, and limped to the coast, crossed the Channel, and landed, a lame dog, at its base.

The ground staff found there was hardly a teacupful of petrol in the tanks, but the craft had been saved, and the information gained during that night flight was passed to G.H.Q.

Sometimes, on reconnaissance, Jock flies too high for even the most optimistic of Nazi gunners.

When they were over a German city the navigator-observer picked up a radio message from the ground. He took it down on his pad and handed it to the pilot.

"You British up there," it read, "are you coming down to get your deserts? Heil Hitler!"

The British pilot read the message, then scribbled a reply.

"Not to-night, sweetheart," he said. "Heil to Hitler!"

There were no more Nazi messages.

And Jock had got the photographs he had set out to secure.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"I AM 24s. in arrears with my rent; if I don't get the money paid quickly I shall be evicted," writes Mrs. Allan, of Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Her husband served in the last war, and is now in a mental hospital. She has two children—a girl of eight, and a son aged fifteen who earns 10s. per week.

To add to her misery, this unhappy woman has lost the use of both legs since August last year. Though she is an experienced bookkeeper, her affliction makes it impossible for her to get a job that would keep her family in reasonable comfort.

A doctor, who has known the family for many years, writes: "I consider her a person of good character and worthy of assistance."

Donations to help her fight against adversity should be earmarked "Stricken," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

But, of course, we are grateful to those who send sums anonymously and under various pseudonyms

THE NAZIS' NIGHTM

"We can say with some confidence that, invasion or no invasion, Hitler's lightning war has failed . . . he now finds himself committed to the kind of war he cannot win"

says A. G. GARDINER

REPORTS say that the Rumanian delegates who met Hitler the other day at Berchtesgaden found him noticeably "aged and preoccupied."

That would be true of many others besides Hitler.

But without attaching undue significance to the report, it may well be true. Events have not gone "according to plan."

His gamble was based on the belief that he could snatch victory, absolute and final, this summer.

By August all would be over. The British Fleet would be his. The French Fleet would be his.

The empire of the seas would be his. The world would be his.

But this terrific programme has miscarried. From the sudden swoop on Norway to the collapse of France it went forward with miraculous momentum and certainty.

The end seemed so certain and so near that his jackal in Italy thought it was safe to show his teeth and to establish his claim to a share of the loot.

But August, which was to witness the culminating stroke of the lightning war and write "Finis" to the British Empire, is here, and the end has not come. And will not come.

He finds himself instead committed to a war of another sort altogether—a war of strain and attrition in which whole continents will be involved, and into which incalculable forces will be drawn.

THIS IS NOT THE WAR HE INTENDED. IT IS NOT THE WAR HE PROMISED HIS COUNTRY. IT IS NOT THE WAR HE CAN WIN.

I say this for two reasons which warrant the confidence.

The factors on which Hitler chiefly counted for victory in his lightning war were secrecy and surprise.

They count no longer. His hand is disclosed. His secrets are out, and no major surprise can be sprung.

Further, the longer the war continues the more the moral factor will tell against him. The passion of nations to be free will prevail.

Hitler has trampled his neighbours in the dust, but he has not conquered them.

They await their day of deliverance, and at the first clear hint that his power is vulnerable his troubles will begin.

There is not a nation in the world, outside those of the dictators, which does not fear his victory and pray for ours.

Witness what is happening in America. Every day brings fresh evidence of the tidal wave of hostility to Nazi Germany which is sweeping over the United States.

There is no doubt there any longer that we are fighting their battle as well as our own, and that nothing but the British Navy stands between them and the brigand power.

A British Customs officer examining the documents of a Dutch skipper. The complete blockade of all goods in transit to Europe is now in full operation

Short of actual participation in the war, that great country is passionately with us.

Its sympathies are ours. Its resources are ours. In the final necessity its armed support will be ours.

AND it is not the United States alone. Nothing more momentous has happened since the fall of France than the declaration of "Hands Off" to Germany unanimously passed at the Pan-American conference at Havana.

It means that the whole American continent, North and South, from Canada to Patagonia, is our moral ally.

IT BRANDS NAZI GERMANY AS THE GENERAL ENEMY OF MANKIND, AND IS THE HEAVIEST BLOW IN THE MORAL SPHERE THAT HITLER HAS YET SUSTAINED.

The significance of this action is that it reflects the growing confidence of the outside world that if he cannot win at once by his lightning war—which has failed—he cannot win at all.

And in this great reserve of moral power, which will ultimately be decisive, we can count not only on the Americas but on Africa and on Asia.

The whole Arab world is with us. So also is the Hindu world.

Few things have been of better omen in these anxious months than the support our cause has received from India.

Even so stern a critic of our rule there as Jawaralal Nehru has urged his followers to do nothing that would imperil our victory.

Immense activities are in progress there, and in the event of the extension of the war to Asia Minor the part which India would play would be of vital importance, as it was in the last war.

I come to the final and main reason for confidence in the issue, assuming as I do the failure of the knock-out blow.

In its essence this is a war, in the phrase of Bismarck, between "the elephant and the whale," between land power and sea power.

It is more conspicuously so since France fell out of the battle-line.

THAT blow to our cause, which Hitler thought would clinch his victory, had its compensations.

It simplified our strategy, and relieved us of military complications and liabilities on the Continent.

It is not impossible that the future historian will find that the turning point in the war was a disaster that at the time seemed irrecoverable.

It is certainly true that since that disaster the spirit of this nation has been higher and its will to victory more resolute.

This confidence has been strengthened by the unexpected revelation of the superiority of our air arm.

That revelation has been as great a shock to Hitler as it has been an inspiration to us.

About our supremacy in our own element of the sea we had no doubt, but in the air we were prepared to find ourselves for a long time a bad second.

Hitler shared that view to the point of believing that he could destroy our sea power by his superior air power.

He knows better now. Perhaps that is why he looks "aged and preoccupied."

Perhaps, too, that is why he has given us these precious weeks before launching his threatened invasion.

But the point here is that it is in the war of duration that sea power has the whip-hand of land power.

It is no use for lightning decisions of the Hitler kind. It grinds slowly, but, like the mills of God, it "grinds exceeding small."

Hannibal ravaged Italy for years, but in the end it was Rome's command of the sea that destroyed him.

Napoleon ravaged Europe for ten years after Trafalgar; but in the end it was the annihilation of his sea power at Trafalgar that brought him to the dust.

It is only now that the mills of the Navy are beginning to grind at full pressure. While Mussolini was shamming "non-belligerence" Trieste was a channel into Germany through which floods of oil and other commodities were transmitted.

In the first eight months of the war Italy imported from the United States 533,000 barrels of lubricating oil alone, against 219,000 in the corresponding months of the previous year.

MARE

d Spain's imports from America in the eriod leapt up from 99,000 barrels to

e figures tell their own tale. They will t tale no longer.

Dalton's new blockade measures will the Navy's stranglehold on Germany ly a stern reality.

the extension of the navicert system, ods from Germany and Italy or to ny and Italy should get through.

is drastic control will be exercised with most regard for the unhappy countries unwillingly under Hitler's jack-boot.

t no consideration will deflect us from preme task of preventing Hitler and ini from drawing supplies from oversea r to enslave the world.

consideration must be allowed to us, for the whole destiny of civilisation take.

IS THE SHADOW OF THIS SLOW BUT RABLE PROCESS THAT DARKENS UTURE FOR HITLER.

his dread of the kind of war he had tended he turns to Japan.

t America is awake. And America has midable a stranglehold on Japan as we n Germany and Italy.

nd there is that unknown quantity of . She has no reason to fear us, and reason to dread a triumphant Germany riumphant Japan.

rim times are before us, and we must ourselves to suffer terrible things.

ut in the war of endurance moral power, g power and sea power are decisive.

nd it is we who have those guarantees tory.

America's Wisest Woman

Once scorned, she has done more than anyone except Mr. Roosevelt himself to warn the United States against Hitlerism

HANNEN SWAFFER

Introduces you to Dorothy Thompson, who earns £100,000 a year by fighting Britain's battle in the United States. After being thrown out of Germany by Hitler, she has aroused her country to the Nazi menace by her daring speech

IN the Savoy Grill, now closed, I saw, a few years ago, a man and woman lunching.

They did not look like a bride and bridegroom, but merely an interesting middle-aged couple. Yet they had come straight from their wedding receptoin after being married at the Savoy Chapel, near by.

The bridegroom, recently divorced from his first wife, was Sinclair Lewis, world-famous American novelist, who had begun life as a reporter.

The bride was Dorothy Thompson, whom he had met in Berlin, where she was a correspondent for an American newspaper.

How He's Outshone

Even then, Sinclair Lewis was much the more famous of the two.

Yet soon he was to win the Nobel Prize, presented in state at Stockholm; this for "Main Street," his first best-seller, and "Babbitt," a biting cynicism of modern mass-produced American life.

To-day, even Sinclair Lewis's fame is outshone by his wife's well-earned popularity.

She helped him, no doubt, with "Dodsworth," which showed knowledge of European life beyond his experience. Then, becoming a columnist, she stopped for a time a survey of world problems to attack the New Deal.

This obtained for her contracts with 150 Republican newspapers.

Suddenly, when Nazidom got worse, she used this coast-to-coast platform as an impassioned advocate for Democracy.

She knew her Hitler. After all, he had thrown her out of Germany because of her frankness over his treatment of the Jews.

Soon, on every possible occasion, she was warning her own countrymen of the Nazi threat in the States.

It was a hand-picked audience that, in February, 1939, listened to Fritz Kuhn, leader of the Bund, in Madison Square Gardens. Thousands of Germans were there, booing Roosevelt.

Thrown Out

Suddenly, from the Press seats, came a loud laugh. It was Dorothy Thompson jeering. They threw her out, with her clothes torn.

"Serves her right for having red blood in her veins," said her husband.

Dorothy went on with her campaign. At first it was very unpopular in wide circles, for America was Isolationist in those days.

Yet, more than any person except the President himself, she won over opinion. Before long, she was demanding that Britain's cause was America's.

In 150 newspapers, day after day, at public meetings, and on the air, where she now has a larger public than any other American, she was urging, pleading, putting the Allied cause, and exposing Nazidom and all its crimes.

Well, you have heard her on the air perhaps yourself, for a recent broadcast made to Canadian women, relayed here, had to be repeated, so many were the requests.

In this she painted in vivid, dramatic words, a picture that will go down in history—Hitler on the one hand fighting in self-aggrandisement for world power—and Churchill, on the other, "master of the dyke against world chaos."

It thrilled. It inspired.

Her Diserts

Sinclair Lewis still writes his books. He himself acted in a dramatised version of "It Can't Happen Here," an anti-Nazi warning to America.

Yet while he has won the Nobel Prize for literature, it is the Nobel Peace Prize that his wife deserves.

There is no woman quite like her in England, no woman who expresses herself in daring violence of speech, and carefully chosen words in writing, sways such a large public, or uses so well a hard-earned prominence.

Sinclair Lewis is one of the richest authors in the world. But his wife's income exceeds his.

Indeed, she said not long ago that for three years she had earned £100,000 a year.

Well, we don't mind people getting money when it is earned honestly.

FORWARD MARCH OF SCIENCE

Argue It Out **By Pallas**

NEITHER war nor famine, neither pestilence nor plague, can halt the march of Science.

It is being argued to-day, as it was argued in the last war, that Science is an evil thing, that it has ranged itself on the side of destructive rather than constructive man.

On the surface the argument seems sound. Ever he power to kill, to maim, to destroy, of the modern ighting forces grows. Ever shells grow more deadly, ver the machine grows more efficient.

Yet the argument is a stupid one.

When the first vehicle propelled by an internal ombustion engine chugged its first crazy journey, the ansport of the world suffered a revolution.

From that unreliable vehicle sprang the cheap car, inging to millions of people new joys in travel, new iews on life.

The cars broadened the minds of their owners, pened to them beauties which, but for that cheap transport, they would probably never have seen.

Only a fool would ascribe to the inventor of the internal combustion engine the blame for the mechanised war machine of to-day.

The tank spitting death and fury is symbolic of the vanity, the greed and the stupidity of man; it is far removed from the realm of Science.

Early in this bloodstained century the first 'plane fluttered its brief, triumphant flight. Once again came a revolution in transport.

The modern Icarus had conquered the sky. Oceans were spanned. Men soared over the poles.

To-day the warplane is the terror of a suffering world. It has rained death and destruction on women and children, blown the homes of innocent families to bits.

Nightly over great tracts of Europe the lives of countless thousands are disrupted. Man has dug his way underground in an effort to escape the swift death that comes from the skies.

Who shall blame for this terrible thing the man whose soul soared in ecstasy as the machine his brain had created left the earth and became the forerunner of mighty passenger-carrying planes?

Nobel, the man who made a fortune out of explosives, also instituted the world's greatest peace prize. It was a gesture of a conscience far from at ease.

Science, impersonal, remote, exact, has no conscience.

But it cares for progress.

Without progress Science dies. Without progress there would be no scientists.

Some of the forces of Science have been harnessed not to the march of progress, but to the chariot of misery and madness. Hitler, more than any man in history, used mechanical aids to further his lustful purpose.

Yet, Science cannot be blamed for Hitler. As well blame the inventor of matches for fires begun by an incendiarist.

Science cannot be held guilty because men go to war and call in the aid of flame-throwers, bombs, tanks, armoured cars, machine-guns.

Always—or so history has us believe—the cause of war has never been traceable to Science

Always the fundamental cause has been man himself, his lack of vision, his lack of tolerance or understanding.

Hitler is a case in point. For years he keyed up the scientific resources of Germany to build the gigantic machine which has ravished a continent and brought suffering to millions of Poles, Dutch, Belgians, French, Czechs, and Germans.

But though scientists may have helped him to further his dreams of conquest, Science itself is not with him.

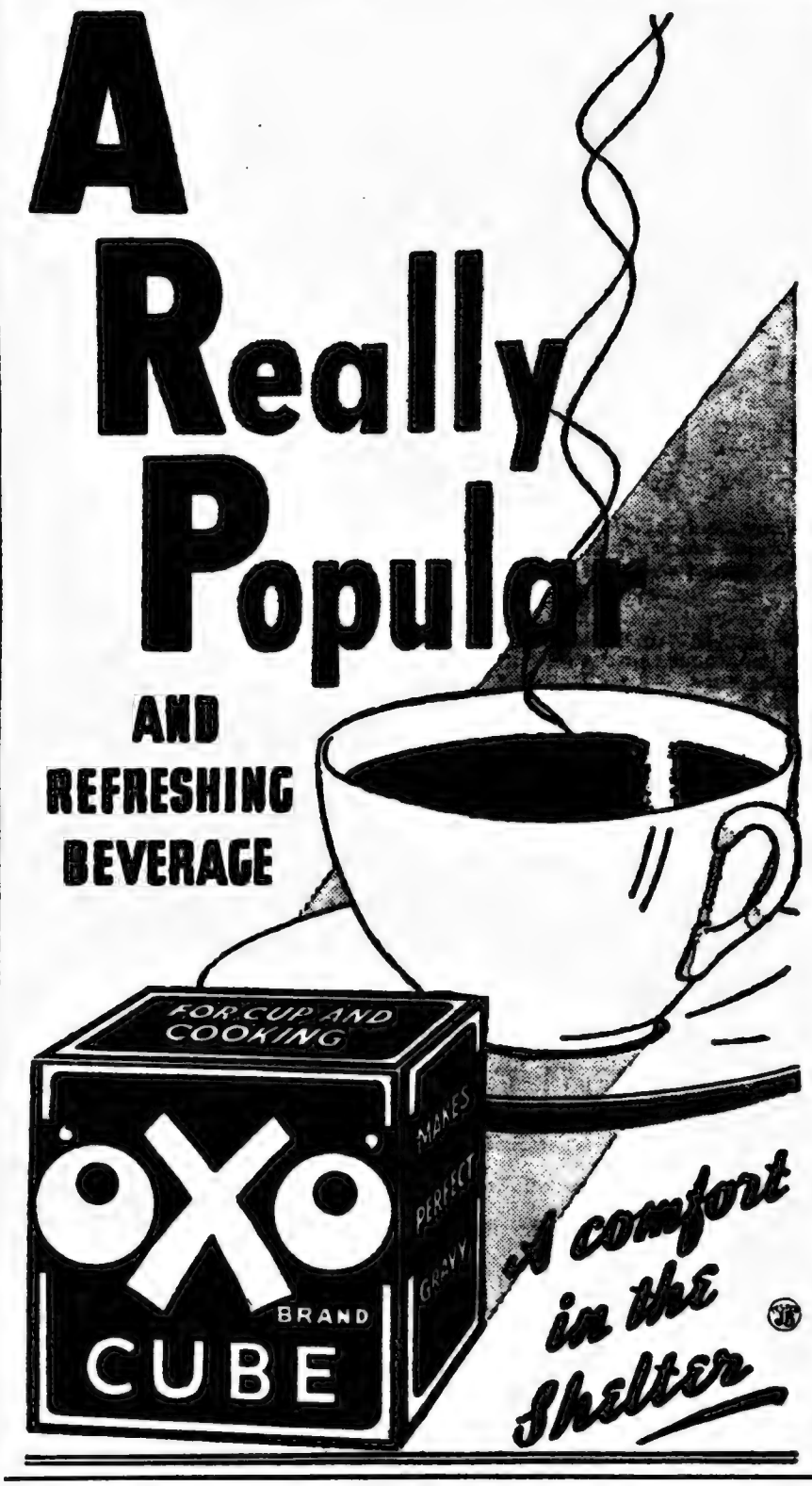
Science is primarily out to benefit man, to help him in his war on disease, to shorten his working hours and to give him more leisure.

Throughout the ages, ever since the dawn of reason and of knowledge, Science has progressed, ever seeking to solve the ultimate mysteries.

Wars or no wars, Science marches on.

A Really Popular

AND REFRESHING BEVERAGE



A comfort in the Shelter

Both carefully washed but

I used Persil

New PERSIL IS PERFECT FOR SILKS

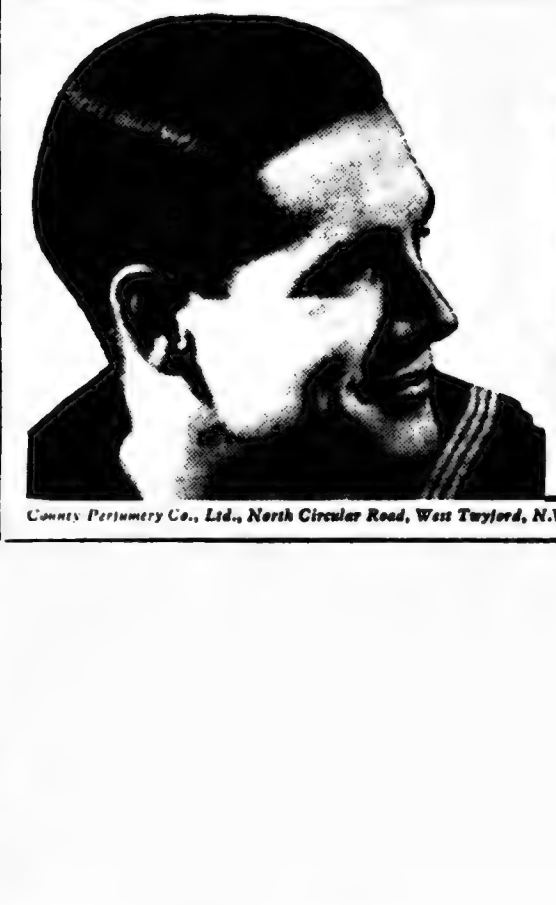
. This new Persil has caught on good and proper! In homes everywhere, silks, coloureds, and fragile woollies are being 'popped in Persil.' At last, women have found a way to do the fine wash *quickly* and SAFELY!

But there's one thing about the new Persil that hasn't changed—it's still 'the amazing oxygen washer.' Those busy oxygen bubbles gently find their way right into the fabric, and just as gently they dislodge the tiniest atoms of dirt. That is why women can feel so confident with Persil. It simply will not harm the most delicate or fragile things.

Wash *your* coloured frocks, your silks, and fluffy woollies in new Persil—they'll last far longer. *And if you're any washing problems write to Mrs. Holiday, The Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington. She's an expert, and she's there to help you—free!*

NEW PERSIL
Easier to use
Simply shake Persil straight into the water, swish briskly until dissolved. Then put the clothes in.
Extra lather— for fine wash
Prevents scum— quicker rinsing

PER 772-172-60



The Order of the Day

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIRDRESSING
NO GUM . . . NO SOAP . . .
NO SPIRIT . . . NO STARCH . . .

your hair

In handy Jars, Bottles and Tubes 1/-
Larger Bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10. royds 7121

HUMANIST, sympathising with the deaf, tells them how to lessen their affliction and, by gaining fresh interests and friends, stop——

MISSING LIFE AT ITS BEST

EVERYBODY is ready to help a blind man across the road. He finds sympathisers wherever he turns. But the deaf are neglected and ignored.

"I wish you would help me to be brave," writes an unknown woman.

"In all my life I have never known the joy of conversation, for I am hard of hearing.

"Even at school I never knew what schoolgirls talked about among themselves. I could not share their secrets. I was always lonely.

"I had five brothers, but they never treated me like a sister. The only time they spoke to me was when they wanted something.

"My father and mother did nothing to help me in my affliction. I was left out of everything.

"Many a time I cried myself to sleep. If my mother found me crying in bed she imagined I was weeping over a book, and scolded me accordingly.

"When I see other women in the shops chatting together I get so downhearted. It must be wonderful to be able to hear properly—to hear the birds singing and the children playing.

"I am beginning to feel so useless, and I miss so many of the good things of life. If only people would be a little more considerate, how much happier the world would be!"

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

We cannot do much for the few who are totally deaf. But it would be so easy to help the thousands of partially deaf people.

They ought not to be left out of conversations and made to feel that they are "missing it."

It is not necessary to shout in their ears. All one has to do is to speak clearly, not too fast, and to pitch the voice fairly low.

But before I say more about the subject here is a letter from a man that is well worth quoting:

"Because I am deaf I have to miss so many of the best things of life. It is useless for me to go to church, the theatre, cinemas, concerts or parties.

"The deaf man has to stop away.

"I should like to do something useful, but I cannot take up A.R.P. work or first-aid because it would be impossible to hear the lectures.

"I live by myself; for weeks not a soul comes near me.

"My workmates are very decent, and during the day things are not too bad, but the long hours after work, when I go back to an empty house with no one to talk to, get me down.

"I enjoy reading books; and in the summer months I go for long rambles. But oh! the long, long winter nights!

"So now, Humanist, some of your helpful suggestions would be appreciated. I can almost hear you say, 'Find a good woman and get married.' But I am fifty-four."

Yet even so, marriage is not out of the question. Hundreds of the partially deaf are happily married, and I think my correspondent should have married thirty years ago.

As for "helpful suggestions." I can think of many. He might get a hearing-aid—provided he gets expert advice first. He should certainly learn lip-reading.

The L.C.C. runs special classes for the deaf, and I imagine there must be something similar in other big cities. If not, there ought to be!

A LONDON woman has started an organisation to help the deaf. Membership, costing half-a-crown, brings valuable advice, encouragement, and new friendships.

When I quoted the name of her society on this page about eighteen months ago she received a deluge of letters from all parts of the country. If any sufferer living within easy distance would like to know about her, send me a stamped addressed envelope

Because she is deaf, one of these women is made to feel lonely even though she is not alone. Left out of the conversation, her own thoughts are her only company. But there's a remedy!

—and I should like news of similar efforts in other places.

An ear specialist tells me that deafness is often due to catarrh, and where the organs are otherwise sound, something can be done by dieting. Catarrhal deafness is now thought to be a deficiency disease, and there are great hopes of effecting, if not a complete cure, at any rate a considerable improvement.

* * *

Now for a different problem. It comes from a woman who is distressed by the behaviour of a woman relative.

"She is the most depressing person I have ever contacted," says the writer. "Since the war started she has been worse than ever.

"'Why does God allow it to happen?' she keeps asking. Then she denounces church-goers—clergy and laity alike.

"My husband and I are regular church-goers, so you can imagine how we feel. If I say I go to church to worship God, she says one can worship Him at home or in the open air. She thinks we are all hypocrites.

"I have no answer ready, and cannot enter into an argument with her. I wonder if you can help me? What can one say to her?"

THE logical answer is that people with a comman interest naturally gravitate together.

Lovers of Dickens form a Dickens fellowship; lovers of Shakespeare form a Shakespeare society; men and women who hold a particular political belief instinctively get together and form a Party.

Surely, then, people who hold a common religious faith must "assemble and meet together," as a common flock under the care of the same Shepherd?

But I doubt whether a reasoned answer is likely to be effective. The other woman has conceived a deep prejudice against all church-goers, and one cannot argue away a prejudice. One might as well talk reasonably to an aching tooth.

Possibly some church-goer has done her a bad turn at one time, and hence she suspects every other church-goer of being a hypocrite.

Of course one can worship at home, particularly in these days of broadcast services. One can worship in the heart of the hills and on the seashore.

A poet once said that Beauty is the lamp of which God is the Light.

But the worship of beauty is not enough for most of us. The meaning of "Gospel" is "good news": and if we have good news we must tell the world.

NAZIS FED BY SMUGGLERS

HUGE profits are being reaped to-day by astute gangs smuggling food into Germany.

A Swiss family of mountaineers, once familiar to holiday-makers as friendly Alpine guides, now find greater remuneration in carrying loads of coffee, saccharine and tobacco across the dangerous Silvretta Glacier into Austria.

Farmers of Basle district, once content to sell their butter and cheese in the markets, now cheese-run their products across the forbidden frontier into France, where they can be sold at three times the normal rates.

Highly skilled Rumanian frontier-dodgers are making hay while the sun shines by secretly getting butter, cream, eggs and sugar into the Reich by the same channels that once formed an outlet for escaping Jewish refugees.

* * *

One enterprising contrabandist made himself a miniature submarine of sheet iron, riveted and soldered, with a cylinder of oxygen, a forward propeller that could be worked from a reclining position and room for cocoa tins.

Police watchers captured this amazing craft, but the smuggler, who must thus have crossed and recrossed the frontier, was never captured.

Not long ago Jugo-Slav authorities were astonished by the vast quantity of tea and coffee, hams and cheese, chickens and veal being consumed on a farm near Maribor.

Germany has a gnawing hunger-pang. Hundreds of hit-and-thrust butter-and-egg battles have developed along the 1,000 mile line of Germany's new war frontier. Vivid proof of Germany's food distress, they are a key sign of Hitler's failure to keep 100,000,000 people hermetically sealed

★

The real proprietor was a German, who possessed another farm in the Landsberg, and fifty pack-mules a day were crossing the mountain passes by little-known paths.

Inside Germany, under the eye of the Gestapo, the trade in smuggled food has been developed to the pitch where even inland towns are served and special orders given by well-to-do families can be fulfilled in twenty-four hours.

Those who cannot afford the high prices demanded for smuggled food complain bitterly of the invidious distinction between the "haves" and "have-nots."

Workmen at a mass meeting in Kaufbeuren demanded that the matter should be brought to Hitler's attention.

But Nazi officials cannot act.

They are powerless to deal with the ingenuity of cheese traffickers.

* * *

When Swiss authorities discovered that children, apparently playing in the streets of frontier towns, were actually getting tons of food across piecemeal every week, they instituted a kerbstone watch.

Then young men, equipped with waterproof satchels, began swimming the swirling rapids of the Rhine.

It was risky, but the pay made it well worth while.

Besides this organised traffic, there is a flourishing interchange of *freundlich essen*, friendly food. There are Hungarians whose first cousins, once under Czech rule, are now Germans.

"We cannot see them starve," they say, as they lift chickens and pigs across the frontier fences.

In some towns a traffic in food goes on under the eyes of the guards of both nations.

The Hungarian excise men are sympathetic; the Germans know that it's the only way of getting butter on their bread.

* * *

Ruddy-faced Swiss in Chur may have some of his best friends just across the pass in the Tyrol.

Folk in the Swiss village of Klosters cannot remain deaf to the appeals for food from their Austrian comrades across the Silvretta Glacier.

The Gulet family of Klosters still boast of their smuggling activities in the last war.

This time, one young Guler takes the biscuit for the tallest true story of smuggling.

He was crossing the glaciers with a beltful of saccharine when he was chased and nearly captured by frontier guards.

He evaded them by sitting down and sliding 2,000 feet to safety on the seat of his leather pants!

It's every girl's duty to smile..

To-day a real Odol smile means more than ever before. It's your duty to preserve it. Run no risks with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Next time please send me Odol Solid Dentifrice. We're always on the move and it's easy to pack. — Extract from a Soldier's letter.

Keep the winning

Odol

Smile!

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/- Solid Dentifrice - 6d.

Be sure on the day of days that you never have a shiny nose

The most thrilling day of your life . . . the day when you want to look your most glamorous . . . that's when you *must* use Snowfire Powder Cream to make sure that shiny nose won't spoil your charm. No matter how hot and excited you get, your skin will keep an enchanting 'matt' bloom for hours on end. Snowfire Powder Cream is powder and cream in one—fragrant, quick to put on and so economical. Use it to give your hands and arms a velvety finish too. Six perfect skin tones—Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, Ivory and Suntan.

Jars 6d. & 1/3 *Tubes* 6d. *Handbag Containers* 3d.

SNOWFIRE

Powder Cream

Stays on five times longer

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS:

Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both 1¼ pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey. The crystals may be dissolved in 1¼ pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 tablespoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!

6½d bottle makes 25 tumblers

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

"How I got rid of UNDERARM HAIR"

No more razors or smelly pastes

"I never dared appear in bathing suit or evening dress. I was so ashamed of the ugly hair under my arms and on my arms and legs. I had tried everything—electric needles and smelly pastes. Shaving only made the hair grow faster and coarser. I was in despair until a friend told me about New 'VEET.' This dainty cream removed absolutely every trace of hair in 3 minutes. Left my skin soft and velvety-smooth. No ugly, bristly stubble like the razor leaves." New 'VEET' ends your superfluous hair troubles for ever. At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d.) Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine will start the famous tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

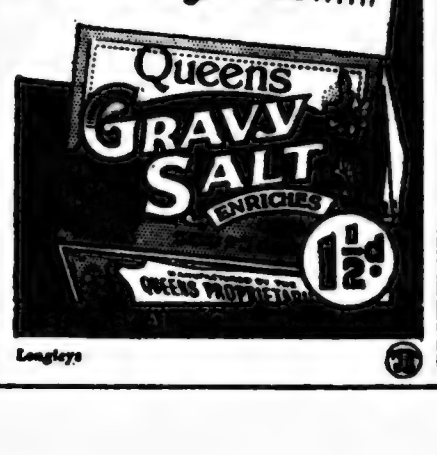
Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anæmia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Can I have some more RABBIT PIE *and plenty of* Rich Brown Gravy MADE WITH



Longleys

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SKIN TROUBLES

such as Eczema, Dermatitis, Irritation and even Bad Legs, Burns, Cuts invariably yield to HEALO Treatment, and Testimonials are constantly being received from grateful users. Here is one from Melbourne, Derbyshire: *"Will you please send me a 3/- tin of HEALO. A friend gave me half a 1/3 tin of your Ointment, and it has done my Dermatitis more good than four years' hospital treatment."* W—— G——.

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cunson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

Voice of the People

WASTING CROPS AND LAND: DON'T BEGRUDGE M.P.s' SALARIES: NICE CHANCE FOR SPIES: BOMBS HEARTEN BRITAIN: OYSTER SHELL STOPS GOSSIP: SWEET WORDS FOR THE A.T.S.

WE have yet to hear of a single M.P., Cabinet Minister or Lord Chancellor (past or present) who is voluntarily giving any part of his allowance or pension to the national effort.—Norman Mitchell, 53, Greenleaf Close, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

Reader Mitchell seems to have our own views about giving huge pensions to people who have been well paid for what they've done. But as for M.P.s' salaries, we bear in mind that an M.P. has big expenses. Not a lot is left for family and personal needs. We'd hate to see Parliament filled—as it was once—by Members with private incomes, but little knowledge of the needs of the masses.

UNIVERSITY Colleges must be taxed. At present, not a penny is deducted from their profits.

Then there is a Central University Fund, administered separately from the funds of the various colleges.

The Government—far from taking money from this—contributes towards it.

The Colleges run stores, selling a variety of articles and goods. All profits are free from income tax, the organisations being styled "charitable institutions." And they're far from being anything of the kind!—S. N. S., London, W.1.

POLICE boarded the 'bus of which I was conductor—asked to see identity cards.

People who hadn't got them were ordered to produce the envelopes of letters received by themselves as evidence of identity.

You don't have to be particularly clever to get hold of an old envelope of somebody else's—or fake one.—W. S. Eaton, King Edward Street, Salford, 5.

Two German spies caught here in the last war carried faked correspondence as "evidence of identity."

GOING into a shop for two tins of condensed milk, I was refused because I was not registered there.

The shop had a full month's supply—my own retailer had none.

Thousands would like to know the position.—Mrs. C. E. Smith, Lansdowne Avenue, Portchester.

Food Ministry's answer (which surprises us): "Our Parliamentary Secretary thinks it fairer that this should be so. It stops people who try to accumulate big supplies." Asked what about people who had registered with very small shops with meagre supplies, he answered: "I don't see what can be done about it."

STAYING at a west coast boarding-house, I had sixteen people from sixteen different parts of Britain as fellow-guests.

Chatter at the tables told me pretty well what was happening at sixteen different parts of the kingdom—embracing one-third of the country, I should say.

Every seaside dining-room should bear "Don't Talk" slogans.—T. J., Sidlaw Road, Billingham, Durham.

THIS letter is being written in my Anderson shelter during a raid.

In the next-door shelter there is community singing. I know that the Blakes, down the road, will be playing four-handed whist in theirs. And I know an old lady of seventy-one who will be doing a bit of underground knitting.

Bombs improve the spirit of Britain!—A. Cruse (writing from a West Country town).

Prize-winning "Bullets" have been written in Anderson shelters.

I AM one of thousands of workers who, in the course of my duties, receive a lot of naval information.

So I carry with me an oyster shell to show to people who ask me about my job. If a colleague becomes too voluble, out comes my oyster shell.

It never fails.—C. F. C., a Dockyard Town.

That's all the hint the average garrulous person needs. It's only the busybody who fetches the policeman to a well-meaning chump.

AFTER twelve months at sea—I shan't enumerate the risks—I was walking home at night smoking a cigarette and thanking God that my Britain looked so quiet and peaceful.

Suddenly, from the blackness, the bark of: "Put that cigarette out. Don't you know the yellow warning has been given?"

I found myself faced by a special constable, who regarded my ignorance of what a yellow warning was as some sign of idiocy or something.—G. B., H.M.S. ——, c/o G.P.O., London.

Still, let's forget it. You'd yell his head off if you saw him blundering about in a boat, ignorant of the simplest rules of navigation.

"SHUN!" ordered the Section Leader of an A.T.S. unit. "Right turn!" "Quick march!"

And very well the girls did it, to the admiration of myself and other soldiers watching, until the Section Leader's voice suddenly lost the Sergeant-Major touch and she said:

"Oh, Marjorie, Marjorie dear, when *will* you learn to keep step"—at which Marjorie blushed, and we roared.—Private G. D. E., Ray Demesne, Kirkwhelpington, Northumberland.

MUST we ignore the little things that could help our war effort? It seems so.

Travelling extensively, I have seen hundreds of tons of dried grass burnt on the verges of railway lines in the last fortnight.

The loss over the country as a whole must be immense.

For all I know, it may be uneconomic to stack this hay and add it to the national resources.

But in every parish traversed by our railway lines there are people keeping pigs or poultry who would be glad to get this valuable bedding, even at a small cost.

I have seen mile after mile of railside verges that still have not been used for allotments.

Some stretches may be too remote from towns or villages; some may be of awkward size; but very many plots are undoubtedly being wasted.—W. H., Wellington Street, Slough.

Mile after mile of land fringing our railways lie idle—and hundreds of tons of grass growing on these verges are burnt!

DON'T you think the cheap milk boon might have been extended to ex-sanatorium patients who are told they will not have relapses as long as they can get "plenty of nourishing food and plenty of milk"?

I write as one.—R. R., Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.

We maintain the Government should safeguard both the milk and cod- or halibut-liver oil supplies for such patients, making sure that poverty doesn't cut them off from those absolute essentials.

NO firework displays on November 5 this year!

No giddy rockets. No squibs. No jumping crackers. Nothing but the darkness of the black-out.

But I'll tell the youngsters how to spend their coppers on a better kind of display. Send them to Lord Beaverbrook to provide the kind of fireworks the Nazi doesn't like—the kind we get from our "Spitfires."—E. L. McIver, Moor Cottage, Mizzy Road, Rochdale.

A Spitfire called "Guy Fawkes" and bought by the youngsters—what a great idea! Lord Beaverbrook lives at Ministry of Aircraft Production, Millbank, S.W.

IF your allotment or garden is yielding a surplus of vegetables or fruit, offer it to the nearest Army unit.

Chief necessity in choosing Army rations is that they can be stored and kept. So the soldier necessarily has less health-giving fruit and vegetables than the civilian.

I gave an infantry unit 100 cabbages and 50 lb. of garden peas. Grateful smiles were sufficient thanks.—Mrs. R. L., Essex.

Some units have funds for buying "extras," but they are small. Such gifts as this reader describes free cash for buying other comforts.

ACHING FOR ACTION

"KEEN? Of course they're keen! They're simply crying for action."

That's the view of Ralph Ferris, of Winnipeg, about the Canadian and Newfoundland contingents. A JOHN BULL representative soon proved its truth by talking to many of the men.

Incidentally, Ralph is the son of ex-Brigadier-General Ferris, was in the Canadian Army for eight years before the outbreak, when he volunteered for overseas service.

His father, though a General, went along to a recruiting depot at war's outbreak and enlisted as a private.

"The 'Yankee Volunteers' are the chaps for you to talk to," Ralph went on. "Lots of 'em fought in the Spanish and Chinese wars before they joined us. Try that chap over there!"

"That chap" was thirty-six-year-old Sergeant Lawrence J. Spencer, who, for the purpose of official records, is supposed to have been born in Exeter.

* * *

Soon after September 3, Spencer threw up his job in Pittsburg and made a bee-line for Montreal to enlist.

The recruiting officer then seemed to have something wrong with his hearing. "Where did you say you were born?" he asked. "I could have sworn you said Pittsburg. And, as you know, we can't take Americans!"

"Exeter," said Spencer promptly in a broad American accent. "I'm English!"

Hundreds of American recruits, he says, are now claiming to have been born in England.

"And there'll be thousands more, soon. They're slipping over the border into Canada in droves," he smiles.

But they are wondering what their nationality will be after the war is over.

By swearing allegiance to the King they have forfeited their American nationality. But fighting for England doesn't make them Englishmen.

However, their first concern is to "knock the daylight" out of the Nazis. Anyway, they all expect America to "come into it officially" before long.

* * *

With the unit are many French Canadians, who seem even more grimly determined than the other Dominions troops.

As thirty-four-year-old Gerald Lemieux expressed it: "We've got a sort of double stake in this war. We're fighting for England *and* for France."

No sign of Defeatism among these men! Only an unfailing resolution not to stop until Nazism has been completely stamped out.

You'll find that spirit among the Newfoundlanders, too.

Charlie Noseworth and Stuart Pottle, of St. Johns, and Jack Pearcy, of Trinity Bay, are typical examples.

They're serving with the Navy like most Newfoundlanders, men who have known and loved the sea ever since they were in swaddling clothes.

They belong to the tough, hard-working, silent breed of cod-fishermen—the finest sailormen in the world.

And they enjoy fishing for Nazis.

"The work's hard, of course," says Jack Pearcy. "The hours are darned long. But we'd work twice as hard and twice as long if we had to. Because we all know that the more we do, the sooner the Empire will be able to smash Hitler and his lot for good and all!"

What a pity

she doesn't take

a laxative which makes her gay instead of grumpy, high-spirited instead of short-tempered. What a pity she doesn't take Lixen! For Lixen proves that a laxative can be both thorough *and* pleasant. It is non-griping and non-habit-forming—and as good and safe for children and invalids as it is for adults. From chemists only. LIXEN LOZENGES (fruit-flavoured) 8½d. & 1/2 LIXEN ELIXIR (in bottles) 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

LIXEN

the good-natured

LAXATIVE

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.3

but 'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

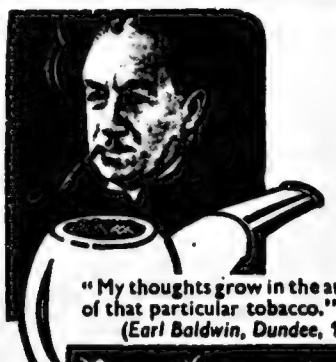
Before every meal, see that everyone in the family has a good wash with Family Health Toilet Soap. Its healthy lather will prevent any danger of hands infecting food. And nowadays health is a part of National Service. Let Family Health Soap be your family health warden.

KH 88-54-33 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

How to WIN YOUR WAR against wrinkles and tired skin

WOMEN war workers—you who are doing your duty to the nation—don't neglect your duty to yourself—to your sweethearts and husbands. It's a duty to take care of your skin—to look *young*. Out in all weathers—cold, wind and rain—more than ever to-day you need this Skin Specialist's advice to keep your skin soft, fresh, unlined and young.

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in the skin of any healthy girl of 18, has been discovered by a famous Doctor. This extract, called "Biocel", is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon White (vanishing non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Do not confuse Crème Tokalon with ordinary face creams which contain no skinfood ingredients. With Crème Tokalon Skinfoods successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded.

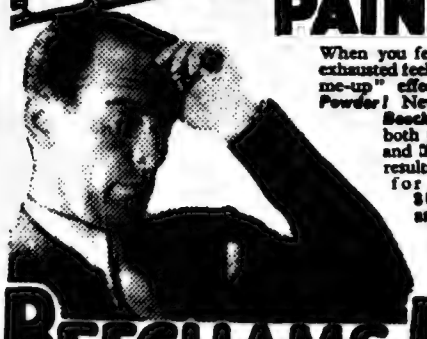


"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian 1/9 Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

EXHAUSTION PAINS-ACHES



When you feel that Headachy, exhausted feeling, try the "pick-me-up" effect of a *Beechams Powder!* New Energy—for 2d! *Beechams Powders* are both QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results! Also wonderful for TOOTHACHE, SUMMER COLDS and CHILLS, HAY FEVER. Get *Beechams Powders* today. They "*ACT LIKE MAGIC.*" Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

ENDED FOR 2D.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

This lotion relieved SEVERE DERMATITIS

What a tragedy to be doomed to a lifetime of itching pain and disfigurement from dermatitis! This sufferer thought her case was hopeless till she tried D.D.D. Prescription.

"I attended hospital for dermatitis on face, neck, eyes, and back for months with no beneficial results. At last I stopped going. Then I got a bottle of D.D.D. Prescription. Needless to say, I found relief on the first application, and entirely cleared myself of the trouble." (Mrs. C., Southampton.)

Sufferers from dermatitis, eczema, psoriasis, impetigo, or any other skin complaint, even if they have given up all hope of a cure, should try D.D.D. Prescription, the *reliable* skin remedy, which has often brought relief and cure where everything else has failed. 1/3 a bottle from all chemists.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

PUT ON POUNDS

Thanks to IRVONA Brand NERVE and BODY BUILDER you can possess New Strength! New Nerves! New Power! New Energy! *Read this case*—

"After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a thin underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct post free on receipt of price from

IRVONA (Dept. 20H), 1, GUESSE ST., LONDON, W.1.

(*These prices do not apply to Eire*). *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

HEART TROUBLE

TRY THIS FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION THAT ALWAYS GIVES RELIEF

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves, "Blue Lion Fox Nuts" (Shadforth Prescription No. 632) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial size 1/-. Other sizes 1/9, 2/6 and 4/6 (either by post or from your nearest chemist.)

FREE TRIAL OFFER (by Post only)

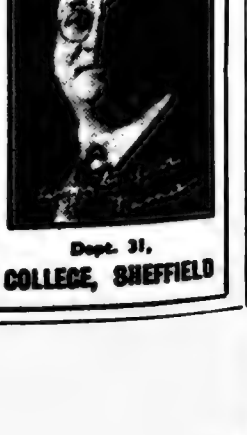
For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper who have not tried this remedy TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS" to SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.60), 68, King William St., London, E.C.4.

FOR A FEW SHILLINGS MONTHLY YOU CAN

BUY A CAREER

which will bring in

HUNDREDS OF POUNDS PER ANNUM



I have helped thousands of others to achieve success in Art, Literature, Commerce, Technical Trades, etc. We teach for all careers by post. Write and tell me what interests you, and I will give you sound, fatherly advice. It costs nothing to enquire.

Dept. 31,

THE BENNETT COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD

WILL SCOTT tells you the story of a Press photographer who, pursued by a malignant fate, was always just too late for that ever-elusive scoop. The final blow fell on the one and only occasion when he was—

There When It Happened

He could be depended upon to get a photograph of the Under-Secretary's hat. He would get another of the Under-Secretary's bare head. Best . . .

★

TUPPER was never there when it happened. It had blighted the whole of his career as a Press photographer.

He could be depended on to get a photograph of the Under-Secretary's hat resting wearily in the gutter. He would get another photograph of the Under-Secretary's bare head, showing the Under-Secretary's locks waving in the breeze. And dashed fine photographs, too.

But he just could not be relied on to get a photograph of The Hat Blowing Off The Under-Secretary's Head During Yesterday's Phenomenal Gale.

"It isn't my fault," he would say apologetically, "I wasn't there when it happened."

If the Lord Mayor's coach fell to bits at the back of the procession you could bet your last sixpence that Tupper would be photographing something else at the front of the procession.

If the Oxford boat sank at Hammersmith it was a certainty that Tupper would be getting a simply perfect picture of Cambridge ten lengths ahead farther up the river.

They used to say that he'd never be present at his own funeral through missing, by a couple of minutes, somebody else's funeral a hundred miles away.

A most unfortunate man, Tupper.

Bill Batten, of the *Morning Sun*, told him he hadn't got the gift of anticipation.

"You've got to see these things coming," said Bill Batten.

"But how *can* you?" Tupper would say complainingly.

Tupper was virtually on the point of giving up his profession when the war broke out. That shattering event caused him to change his mind.

Surely, he thought, now more than ever it would be possible to see what was coming, and to be there when it came.

Unfortunately, as everybody knows, for a long time nothing came. And once more Tupper was on the point of drifting into a career where such talents as he had might have better opportunities of dazzling the world, when chance took him into a village pub in a remote part of England.

It was at the time when the raids had begun to spread inland, and Tupper was returning from an expedition which had enabled him to photograph the hole and the wrecked enemy aircraft, but not the crash itself.

He went into the village pub for two reasons. He was thirsty and he was fed up with Tupper.

"Might as well chuck it," he told himself. "I've missed the boat since I began. I shall go on missing it till the end of my days."

HE ordered a pint and sat in a corner by himself.

And at that moment one of the locals round the fire mentioned The Petrol Dump.

"Reckon," he said, "they're sure to try for it."

"Reckon," said another, "the balloon barrage will keep 'em off."

Tupper's ears began to quiver. He remembered what Bill Batten had said about the gift of anticipation. Here was he. Here was his camera. Here was the petrol dump. And here was the fact, according to the locals, that "they" were sure to try for it.

Tupper tingled. At last he was first! On the spot before the Germans! *Ready!*

He wished, though, that he had more precise information as to the locality of the petrol dump. The locals knew, and they knew that each of the others knew, so that they did not have to specify the exact site. But this left Tupper in the dark.

Still, there would be ways and means of finding out. First, to dig himself in.

So, to begin with, he took a room at the inn.

To ask, directly, where the petrol dump was seemed a bit too crude. The direct question might remain unanswered. And it *might* lead to trouble.

Still, there *were* ways and means.

The next morning, by cursing to the landlord the placers of petrol dumps for placing them in the most conspicuous spots, he drew his first bit of information.

"Well, you can't say we do that *here*," said the landlord.

"No?" said Tupper hopefully.

"Well, do we?" said the landlord.

Which wasn't so hopeful. But Tupper kept on.

"I'm sure," he said, "I don't know where you keep your petrol dump."

"What, not the wood at ——." And the landlord stopped. "Best not to say," he finished.

"Of course," agreed Tupper, pleased at having got as far as "the wood." "You never know who's listening."

LATER in the morning Tupper set out for a walk. He threw a five-mile ring round the village and tramped the whole length of it. And on one point he satisfied himself completely.

There was only one wood within the circle, so that there was nowhere else the petrol dump could be.

And one other little thing Tupper found out. At a safe distance from the wood was a copse of oak trees. Tupper had found what he was looking for.

That afternoon he took his camera along with him, crept unobserved to the copse of oak trees, climbed into one of the highest branches and waited. He adjusted his camera and simply waited.

However, nothing happened that day. And after dusk Tupper made his way back to the inn.

He had the feeling, on his way down the village street, that some of the villagers were looking at him rather queerly.

And when, after supper, he sat with the locals in the bar, he was sure of it.

"That landlord," he thought, "has been talking. Telling them I've been asking about the petrol dump. Fool of a thing to do! Of *course* they'll be suspicious. Of *course* they'll think I'm Fifth Column if he puts ideas into their heads."

To make matters better he offered drinks round, but this only appeared to make matters worse.

His offer was refused!

"Stranger to these parts?" asked one of the locals.

"Oh, yes," Tupper had to admit.

"On holiday, like?"

"Well, not exactly," said Tupper.

"Not exactly? Mean sort of business, mister?"

"Well, you might call it business," Tupper nodded.

"Commercial traveller, like?"

"Oh, no," said Tupper.

They weren't letting it go at that, though a moment passed in silence.

"You're not in farming, mister?"

"No, I'm not in farming," Tupper answered. (Thinking: "Confound them! Why can't they shut up and leave me alone?")

"*Not* in farming?"

"I'm a Press photographer," Tupper blurted out, hoping that a clean breast would satisfy them. But it didn't.

"Newspaper?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"I'm a free-lance?"

"What's a free-lance?"

"Oh, hell!" said Tupper, and went to bed. With the distinct feeling that for some reason or other the locals did not like him.

He spent the next day up his oak tree, but nothing happened.

The third day, too, he spent up the tree, but never a German aeroplane came near. It was boring, but he wasn't going to miss the chance of a lifetime.

But on the fourth day . . .

The morning passed quietly. Not even a crow came near. At one o'clock Tupper had lunch. At a quarter-past one he dusted the crumbs from his high nest and told himself he wouldn't mind a little nap. Only a little nap wouldn't be safe.

AND then he heard the shout!

It wasn't so much a shout as a hundred shouts rolled together. It seemed to come from over a distant hedge. And Tupper became alarmed. He shaded his eyes and turned to the south.

Yes! There they were! Dozens of them! Every Tom, Dick and Harry, to say nothing of Mary, in the village. Tearing across the field towards his oak tree as hard as they could go.

"Heavens!" gasped Tupper. "They *do* think I'm Fifth Column!"

The oncoming roar grew to a bellow.

"They'll lynch me!" he wailed.

But they weren't even thinking of him, as he soon found out. Above his head was a savage rustling in the branches.

Something struck him, and, toppling, wildly he grabbed. A rope! He hung on.

He swung out. He swung up. He shut his eyes.

* * *

The picture of Tupper, sky-high, clinging to the rope of an escaped barrage balloon, was one of the best the *Morning Sun* had ever published.

Bill Batten took it.

He was there when it happened.

WHY I USE THE NEW POUDRE TOKALON

By Countess Belewsky

- ★ It is "air-floated"—so marvellously fine and light.
- ★ It stays on for hours because of the "Mousse of Cream" it contains. Ends all fear of shiny nose.
- ★ I find its exquisite real flower perfume so fresh and fragrant.
- ★ Its fascinating shades are so very lovely. I find the new "Peach" shade most *flattering*.

6d. Triple size 1/-.

The Healing Touch of Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Have *you* tried **Germolene**? NO, of course you haven't otherwise you would not be suffering now with that cruel skin disorder. Why don't you join the host of people who say "Yes"—"Yes **Germolene** has put an end to *my* skin trouble. **Germolene** healed *my* skin clean." Day by day the proof positive evidence of **Germolene's** magic healing power mounts up. Read this—***"For years I suffered from terrible ulcerated leg which would not heal. I decided to try Germolene and got relief at once. To-day my leg is completely healed." (N.M.B.)***

First Touch Soothes
ECZEMA
ULCERS
PIMPLES
WOUNDS
BURNS
SUNBURN
HEATRASH

This is just ONE case of thousands.

GREAT HEALING OFFER You can prove the amazing healing power of **Germolene** without risking a penny. Get a 1/3 tin and use all the contents. If not satisfied return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester. Your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 2/- & 12/- Per Tin

You've smoked something worth smoking when you've smoked an

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

This is the cigarette for the fellow with a full-size man's job to do. When you're feeling all 'hit up,' it steadies the nerves.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

£50 CASH PRIZES

for NAMING THESE TWIN PUPPIES

YOU and your family will have grand fun thinking out happy names for these perky West Highland White puppies — and you'll stand a chance of winning the First Prize of £25, too. In all, £50 Cash Prizes must be won in this jolly Competition which the makers of Karswood Dog Powders are running. Free Entry Form for the Karswood "Name the Puppies" Competition gives full details. Get yours, to-day, from your Chemist, Dog Food Shop, Boots or Timothy Whites & Taylors.

★ KARSWOOD DOG POWDERS ★

Let the people SING!

Three hearty cheers for Mr. Bevin! Let the workers sing, says he, and brings Will Fyffe and Co. to lead them. That's what we've been saying since September 1939—and have been rebuked for saying more than once. It's the *spirit* of this country that will pull us through to victory. The *spirit* of 45 million men, women and children, who can and will laugh and keep cheerful whatever trials and setbacks they have to face. "Let the workers sing," says Mr. Bevin. "Let the people sing," says Mr. Priestley. Let's all sing, say I.

E. J. POWER
Murphy Radio Ltd.

MURPHY MUNITIONS for the HOME FRONT

C.R.C.551

GIPSY WIZARD OF THE RING

A. W. HELLIWELL, continuing his thrilling boxing series, unfolds the drama of a champion whose career was packed with surprise and glamour, who rose from poverty to riches and fell again to pauperdom

THERE were three things Digger Stanley treasured—the Lonsdale belt he won outright, the immense gold watch he wore with such pride though he never learned to tell the time, and his stable of satin-skinned, high-stepping horses.

The horses were the first to go when he began to slip from his place among the champions. The watch and the belt were found in a pawnshop after his death.

For the gipsy scrapper passed out as he began—without a penny to his name.

Though for more than thirteen years Stanley was one of the ring's highly paid stars, he spent money as fast as—and sometimes faster than—he made it.

And though the odd, dark-haired Digger, who was born in a Romany caravan on the outskirts of London, dressed magnificently and dined like a lord yet he could not even sign his name.

It used to be one of the jokes of the sporting community to ask him the time. He would proudly produce his gold hunter, and silently show the hour.

For many months he imagined that this ruse deceived the world, but when he discovered that his secret was common knowledge it became highly dangerous to ask him the time!

Not that he was a simpleton. He could hold his own in any conversation, but he never had a day's schooling in his life.

Like many another champion, Digger Stanley graduated from a fairground boxing booth, with which he toured the country, taking on all comers.

Wrapped in a shabby dressing gown, he would stand with folded arms on a rough stage outside the tent while the proprietor, thumping a big drum, loudly offered the magnificent reward of five shillings to anyone lasting three rounds with the fairground champion.

Plenty of the yokels tried for that silver dollar—lumbering giants stones heavier than Stanley—but none of them ever succeeded in winning it.

It was a rough, tough school, and it turned out the Digger as a rough, tough scrapper, who probably received more warnings from referees than any other champion.

He was not a deliberately foul or dirty fighter (the fact that in the whole of his career he was only once disqualified is sufficient proof of that), but he picked up bad habits in those fairground brawls.

HE could box, when he chose, with a skill and polish unequalled in an era of great bantams, and he demonstrated that he was no mere punch-swapper at his professional debut when he brilliantly out-pointed the great Owen Moran.

One of Stanley's greatest fights, and perhaps the outstanding achievement of his career, was his sensational "comeback" against Bill Beynon in October, 1913.

Only a few months before, in the summer of that year, Stanley, with two notches in his Lonsdale belt, had met the Welshman at the National Sporting Club.

At that time, Beynon was a newcomer. Everyone expected the gipsy champion to defeat him with ease and make the belt his own property.

Instead, Beynon scored a surprise win that so astonished the staid members of the N.S.C. that there was an immediate uproar, silenced only when Lord Lonsdale jumped up at the ringside and reminded them that they were forgetting the dignity of the club.

WHEN the pair were matched for a return, Beynon was a hot favourite.

No one imagined that Stanley, then in his thirty-first year, a veteran with a lifetime of hard fighting behind him, had the slightest chance of breaking the old hoodoo that "champions never come back."

Yet he did. Up against a rugged youngster, who had everything in his favour, Stanley revealed himself a master of strategy and ringcraft.

Beynon, dour, immensely powerful, could hit like a trip-hammer with either fist, and it was his custom to batter his way to victory by sheer brute force and grim determination.

He was a tough proposition under any circumstances, and when, early in the fight, Stanley smashed both his hands it looked as good as over.

Beynon, charging in like a bull with his bullet head held low, took Stanley's punches on the top of his skull and the gipsy's knuckles crumbled like chalk.

His heart must have sunk as the quick stabs of pain warned him of the disaster that had overtaken him, but he gave no sign.

From that moment it became a battle between bludgeon and rapier, between buffalo and panther.

On the one hand was the Welshman, boring in recklessly, hammer fists a-swing; and on the other the dark and pale-faced Digger, wielding his long straight left with all the delicacy of a fencing master.

His footwork was superb. His speed was dazzling. He side-stepped Beynon's bustling charges with the cool artistry of a matador.

But even while they applauded, the ringsiders were wondering how long it would be before the old warrior slowed down and became a helpless target for Beynon's murderous swings.

By the ninth round, though Stanley was still moving around on his toes and dodging with an agility little short of miraculous, the gamblers were beginning to bet that his stamina would not take him over another half-dozen sessions.

BEYNON, tireless and unyielding in his determination, plodded methodically after this dancing will-o'-the-wisp, taking all that was coming to him with many noisy snorts and grunts, satisfied that at the end of it he would get his chance.

He knew, and Stanley knew, and the crowd knew that a couple of solid punches would change the whole complexion of the fight. Again and again the Welshman shot over those paralysing, bone-crushing blows for which he was notorious, but each time the Digger was gone like a shadow.

So, for round after round, he evaded his opponent. All the time he was stacking up points.

With his hands pulped and swollen, he could not land a finishing punch. But he pummelled the younger man with a ceaseless battery of hooks and jabs. Always when Beynon rushed in that long left shot out like a lance.

A rough fighter, but he could box with a grace and dazzling speed that astonished the crowd

Undismayed, he kept walking forward, sure that his ox-like strength and terrible punch must triumph, scorning the thought that this veteran, who had begun fighting while he was still in swaddling clothes, could defeat him.

With only three rounds left of the twenty for which the contest was scheduled, Beynon began to see the red light.

FIERCELY he redoubled his efforts, plunging wildly after Stanley in an effort to trap him in a corner or against the ropes.

He knew by this time that something was wrong with the Digger's hands, and that he had no need to fear a knockout, and so he went after him with reckless disregard for defence, intent upon nailing Stanley with the one blow that could save his title.

But he could not do it.

Right up to the final gong, the older man remained the cool and unruffled master of the situation, and by that time he was so far ahead on points that there was no need for the referee to indicate who was the winner.

So the title and the Lonsdale belt came back to the man who had lost them.

Stanley was a proud man that night, but as they buckled the glittering trophy around his waist he little dreamed that it was destined to finish up in a pawnbroker's shop, or that he would die so poor that some of those sportsmen he had so often thrilled would have to organise a whip-round for his dependants.

Poor Stanley! He was one of the eccentrics of the great game: a strange and, in many ways, tragic character, but well deserving of his niche among the giants.

Hero Refused to Quit

This dramatic story reveals why Radio Operator James Gordon Melville Turner was awarded the Order of the British Empire for conspicuous gallantry at sea.

NAZIDOM was at the height of its murderous war on merchant shipping when the *Manaar* was shouldering her way past the Portuguese coast.

Without the slightest warning, a shell burst alongside.

A submarine had surfaced several miles off the port bow, and was pumping shells at the *Manaar*.

There was no signal to heave to; no order to abandon ship; no intimation that the steamer was to be sunk. Only a constant stream of shells.

There was only one course open to the *Manaar's* master.

He gave the order to "Abandon ship" immediately.

But in the radio room there was a man who refused to obey.

The wireless operator—Mr. James Gordon Melville Turner, of Buckles-way, Banstead, Surrey, was determined not to quit until he had signalled for help.

While the submarine's gun kept dropping shells around them, Turner stuck to his post, sending out call after call.

After ten minutes' shelling, the U-boat scored a direct hit, demolishing the wireless house, bringing down the aerial and throwing the wireless out of gear.

Only then did Turner think of himself.

When he raced on deck, he found two wounded Lascars.

One of them was seriously injured.

Turner could have dived into the sea and reached a waiting boat.

Instead he thought of the Lascars.

While the shelling continued, he ran to the davits and started lowering a boat.

The falls jammed. Then, before he realised it, ran out so that the boat crashed into the sea, nose-on, and filled with water.

He raced to another, swung it out, and, somehow or other, bundled the injured man into it.

When he stepped back to lower it, the submarine scored another direct hit.

The boat was blown to smithereens with the injured man inside it.

Still Turner did not think of quitting.

There were no more boats, so he dived over the side, seized the rope of the water-logged boat, and hauled it alongside.

The second Lascar scrambled down the hanging rope.

Then Turner clambered in, cut the fall-lines, and paddled towards his friends.

He had not gone even half the distance before the U-boat ended the career of the *Manaar*.

There is no doubt that Operator Turner well merited the Order of the British Empire with which he was decorated five weeks later.

THE LAST LAUGH

S. V. (Bognor).—"I was taught golf as a schoolboy." Not the words, surely!

PTE. (Warley).—"Two of our fellows had a row and came to blows on parade, so they are now doing fourteen days C.B." Surely they knew it was wrong to fall out without being told to do so?

J. T. (Jarrow).—"Can I be sent to prison for taking photographs during war time?" You can be sent to prison at *any* time if they've good frames on them.

GIRLIE (Leeds).—"I hope you like my photograph. It is the one I sent to an astrologer when I wanted to find out the best time to get married. What do you think she said in reply?" That you should grab the first chance?

TOMMY S. (Epsom).—"We have been having an argument at school as to what is the right time to gather apples. Will you tell us please?" When the dog's chained up

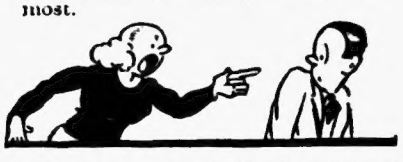
AUTHOR (London, S.W.3).—"I'm furious about the filming of my book. They've discarded the title." Oh, but you're lucky. Usually they film the title and discard the book

UNCLE (Lynmouth).—"Money, money, money That's all my nephew writes to me about I'm jolly glad I've only one nephew" And we expect he is, too.

D. A. (Batley).—"If you would grant me a ten-minute interview I could show you how to earn twice the money you're getting." There's nothing for you to show us—we do that now.

E. K. (Bolton).—"I raised an objection when they asked me to pose for the camera with the stout soprano." You weren't taken with her?

J. P. D. (Wakefield).—"My wife has taken up painting and her teacher says that she is very apt, to say the least." Queer. We find that wives are very apt to say the most.



B. B (Tring).—"I could not attend the wedding of a colleague of mine who had been moved to a branch of the business in another part of the country, and he was very snorty about the fact that I had not sent him my regrets." You thought he would have enough of his own in due course?

E. D. (Oldham).—"Hard work is the only guarantee of promotion. What can a lazy clerk ever expect from his employer?" A week's notice.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

VALUE 3D

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT 134-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Mrs. H. (Ealing).—"I am now laying in as much jam as possible." That's a sticky sort of couch to choose.

B. R. (Rochester).—"I smashed my car against a telegraph post." Well, that was one way of immobilising it.

S. M. (Oxford).—"Tomatoes under glass will colour quickly." And not only tomatoes. You should have seen the choleric old gentleman in our local telephone kiosk the other day.

F. B. (East Coast).—"The sight of barbed wire on our seaside beaches will never be a popular one." And yet it is the sort of stuff that quickly catches on.

H. M (Cambridge).—"Nazi chemists claim to have produced food from coal." Nevertheless, in the winter Germans will realise that they can't eat their coke and have it

Mrs. F. F. (Derby).—"How does a joint account at the bank in the names of husband and wife work?" Easily. Husband makes the deposits and wife draws the cheques.

V. S. (Saltash).—"Imagine my horror when I found that the small garden chair I had sat on was only painted afresh by my wife half an hour earlier." Oh, well, as it's only a small chair there's not a lot to worry about. It won't take long to repaint it

L. J. (Matlock).—"The girl next door learned to sing from a correspondence school." And you think it more than likely that some of the lessons were lost in the post?

G N (Essex).—"It is unpatriotic for borough councils to hang on to their lamp-posts when the iron is needed for scrap." Still, it would be an idea to leave some for the Nazi leaders to hang on to.

S. D. (Dorking).—"It is proposed that brown bread only should be baked, but we shall never see black bread in this country." You don't realise how absent-minded our cook can be when making toast.

W. A. (Highgate).—"Night workers are instructed to carry on when the siren sounds." With so many special police and air raid wardens about, burglars are finding this practically impossible.

A. L. (Luton).—"It is said that Italian waiters employed in London restaurants last year are now serving in the Italian navy." In their Soho days they didn't show such a useful turn of speed.

R. E. (Rye).—"When will Hitler make his next speech?" We don't know. Up to now he has always used the same one.

MR. L. (Ipswich).—"When I told my wife I had joined the Observer Corps she seemed to think I was just the man for the job." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Ipswich).—"My husband's new job of watching for enemy raiders should suit him, as he is always looking for trouble, anyway." See letter above.

G. F. (Yeovil).—"Where are our aluminium pots and pans now?" Gone with the Hurricane!

STUDENT (Edgbaston).—"When I sat for my examination I wasn't sure of the date, so I asked the master." You wanted to be sure of having something right on your paper.

R. B. (Sussex).—"Our local rate collector is retiring after fifty years' service. Don't you think it is rather wonderful?" Yes, but they are bound to spoil it by appointing another official in his place.

D. N. (Retford).—"After the war, there will be nothing to stop me telling my sergeant-major all the things I have thought about him." Except, of course, a bad memory.

T. P. (Coulsdon).—"Shareholders of oil companies seem to be doing pretty well for themselves. Have you anything in oil?" Yes, sardines.

M. T. (Chard).—"What do you call the Stop Press section of newspapers when there's no news in it?" The Silent Column

F. W. (Carlisle).—"I understand that Germans are now experiencing a shortage of rope.' Never mind. We'll give them enough to hang themselves.

S. F. (Redhill).—"What is your opinion of a man who marries for money?" He earns every penny.

W. J. (Wincanton).—"Now that petrol is scarce, it's nice to know one can get a good nag." Most husbands won't agree with you.

JEAN (Deal).—"I'm the happiest girl in the world. I'm marrying the man I want." Many girls would be happier marrying the man someone else wanted.

C. P. (Kegworth).—"After all, what can a chap do if his wife runs away with the butler?" Get another butler.

R. Y. (Clapham).—"When I called to see you, I do not deny that I had just had some sherry, but only one glass." Which you had kept on filling up?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

FALKIRK HERALD:—"He was directed to the BUST station."

ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD:—"Three female passengers suffered from SOCK."

DERRY JOURNAL: — "Thousands of Abyssinians who took refuge in the Soudan after the Italian conquest are forming a legion 'to deliver our country from the Italian JOKE.'"

WOMAN'S JOURNAL:—"The hero is a young subaltern, whose active service takes him to Egypt and the scene of WELLINGTON'S great victory at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Earlier to-day aircraft of the Fighter Command had intercepted a German SEAPLANT off the ——— coast and shot it down into the sea."

EVENING STANDARD:—"The double check of papers and other luggage was ordered as a precaution against the possibility of Fifth COLONISTS getting certain literature out of the country through agents."

SWINDON EVENING ADVERTISER:—"They have a fourth battleship which has been reconstructed, afloat, but it will probably not be ready to go to TEA for another six months."

200 1st PRIZE—"BULLETS" No. 1230.
M. M. MILES, 123, Park Lane, Tilehurst.

Example: YOUR GARDEN
Bullet: YOUR "GREENGROCER"—YOUR "DOCTOR."

Second Prize, £20: J. P. Kerr, 9, Stephen Street, Hartford, Cramlington. Example: From Home Under Bullet: *Helping* England, This Time."

Third Prize, £10: H. Cole, 142, Alma Road, Bournemouth. Example: Your Money Bullet: Banned. To "Arrest" Highwayman.

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: Mrs. M. Hansford, Pattishall, Towcester. Inch By Inch—"Deer" Closing—"Pinching" Fritz. **95s.:** E. Baker, High Street, Henfield (G.S.) Clarion Call—Blown Without "Wind." Winston's. **90s.:** J. Durbin, 18, St. Stephen's Avenue, Pentre, Rhondda. Anxious To Help—America. Although "Rich Relation." **85s.:** W. George, 17, Broadway, Coast Road, South Shields (G.S.). Your Duty—To Do Daily. Hourly. Minutely! **80s.:** Cpl. S. F. Thomas, c o 13, Hillsborough Place, Portheawl. When Jack Swooped—Italian *Stokers'* "Firing" Speed! **75s.:** F. Dupree, 363, Roman Road, Row. E. Brave Defender—Of Freedom's "Bone," Builder. **70s.:** Miss C. Evans, 14, Meath Street, Battersea, S.W. America's Roused, So—In time. Join "Team." **65s.:** P. W. Turner, 12, St. Leonards Avenue, Exeter. Your Effort—Let Hitler's "Prizes" Intensify! **60s.:** A. E. Richardson, 136, Alexander Road, Acocks Green. France Has Fallen, But—America "Leaping To Feet." **55s.:** T. Kinnaird, 90, Holyrood Road, Edinburgh. Hitler Knows—Hot Reception, Not Deception. **50s.:** L. G. Drew, 32, Beaconsfield Road, East Twickenham. France Has Fallen, But—She'll "Bounce"—Pounce—Trounce. **45s.:** L. Jones, Kirkby, Wellington Road, Tunbridge Wells. From Down Under—Hitler's Heel, Pétain Dominates." **40s.:** N. Basham, Rushall Hall, Diss. Anxious To Help—Auntie's Parrot Imitating Syren.

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

HUGE OFFER of NEW 3-in-1 PRIZES THIS WEEK—BE AMONGST THE WINNERS!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRITONS v. NAZIS
UNDER THE IRON HEEL
NO MAN KNOWS
THE HOME GUARD
IF WE HAD A GESTAPO
PEACE | WORRYING
OUR BEST | DUDS
HARD | MUST PAY
TOO MANY OFFICIALS
AT THE LAST MOMENT
DOWN OUR STREET
IN THE COMING STORM
BEER AND BACCY
WE WANT MORE
RATIONING
WINSTON'S TEAM
WE'RE ALL IN THIS WAR, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FLOOD OF .....
HITLER'S .....
PLAYING WITH ....
FRIENDLY .....
LIVING IN .....
TO FIND THE .....

ENTRY-FEE

Send crossed P.O. (completed as directed in Rules), or stamps stuck to Form provided, at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets*.

20 BONUSES each value £1
—for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one coupon show most all-round merit.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1234, "John Bull," Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" PRIZES value over **£200** 1st PRIZE **£100** ONE WEEK ONLY **£20** **£10**

100/- 95/- 90/- 85/- 80/- 75/- 70/- 65/- 60/-

3 of 40/- 25 of 10/- 200 Surprise Award Prizes

1,250 NEW 3-IN-1 MERIT AWARDS

Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....
Example BULLET .....

ONE WEEK ONLY

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

P.O. ..... No. .....
"BULLETS" 1,234
Closing Postmark **SAT., AUG. 17**

FREE "BULLETS" You may enclose 2 FREE "Bullets" on plain paper if you enter fully completed 4-effort coupon above.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

Remember to enclose your 'BULLETIN' LABEL from foot o page

STAMPS MAY BE USED AS ENTRY-FEE
—Stick them to this form and enclose with 'Bullets' or Crosswords.

AFFIX STAMPS BY CORNERS ONLY TO SPACES ABOVE AT THE RATE OF 3d. FOR EACH "BULLET" OR SQUARE ENTERED.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

TEN MINUTES on this AMUSING CROSSWORD can bring a LIFE PENSION FOR YOU!

WIN over **£500** in **10/- WEEKLY PENSION CHEQUES** during next 20 years and continuing for life PLUS **£25** CASH NEST EGG

£25 between 1st RUNNERS-UP and UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

JOHN BULL'S BIG 2-in-1 FIRST—or £250 LUMP SUM

X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, August 17.

Entry fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co" and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided below "Bullets" coupon on this page. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Address and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 29; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misdaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies also to Crosswords.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is indicated.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 215, "John Bull" 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 212.

The following five competitors share £150 each, receiving £30 for not of most horrible Answers, seen in square on right.

Mrs. W. BRADLEY, 187, Rosemary Rd. South, Huddersfield;
W. F. DUNN, 38, Devon Lane, Welling, Kent.
D. T. EDWARDS, 60, Edward St., Allison, Pontardawe, Swansea.
E. GODFREY, 52, Lyon Rd., London, S.W.4.
Mrs. L. PYLE, Ealey, San Etonne, Northumberland.

£50 First Runners-up Award is shared between 64 entrants, each receiving 9s. 4d. Surprise Awards for each of 240 Second Runners-up.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Wear. 5. Boots. 4. Slops. 6. Slap. 11. Gust. 12. Link. 14. Bee. 16. Pest. 17. Smear. Down—1. Worm. 2. Boat. 3. Slap. 5. Bob. 6. Beam. 7. Spring. 8. Bush. 10. Stop. 12. Blear or Diver. 15. Tin.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers send by competitors were those in square on right. Blank space indicates that at this point LINER and DIVER were regarded as Answers of equal merit.

W	E	A	R	■	B	O	O	T	S	■	■	■	■	■
A	G	■	S	T	O	P	S	■	H	■	■	■	■	■
R	O	M	E	■	O	■	L	S	A	■	■	■	■	■
M	■	O	■	S	T	R	O	N	G	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	S	L	A	P	■	U	■	A	■	■	■	■	■
S	E	E	■	Y	■	C	A	R	D	■	■	■	■	■
T	■	■	L	I	N	K	■	S	I	■	■	■	■	■
R	A	G	■	N	O	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
A	D	■	A	G	E	■	I	R	E	■	■	■	■	■
P	O	E	T	■	S	M	E	A	R	■	■	■	■	■

WIN £100 FREE
If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

"CUT ROUND HERE AND SEND IN 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT"

ACROSS CLUES

1. It's useless waiting till invaders are in sight before starting to make one
3. You can trust ents boxing manager to make a lot of
5. Man who's expert at calculations may be required for this
7. One's oblique is not really hard to understand
10. Farmer will naturally be annoyed if rain ruins his
11. When you get this you may well feel like roaring with laughter
16. It's not likely to be easy to calm down an angry one
17. Sometimes has a good deal to do with theatre's success
18. Painful and serious injury may be caused by broken one

DOWN CLUES

1. There is often a tactless movement in one
2. You would be well-advised to have a little of this on your allotment
4. The service must be popular if it's hard to find a place for anyone in this
6. Beautiful old tiles are sometimes seen in
8. If financier puts his money in this it's naturally because he thinks it a good investment
9. Big one might possibly check invaders' advance for a time
12. Planes Goering sends to bomb us are sometimes shot down by this
13. It's really wicked to waste this now
14. Kiddy keeps tidier with this
15. Prompt use of fireman's may possibly make it easier for him to carry person out

1M	O	■	E	■	2■	■	3■	I	4N	■	■	■	■	■
A	N	■	5T	6R	I	■	■	R	A	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	7■	O	O	N	■	8S	E	V	■	■	■	■	■
C	9G	■	N	O	T	C	H	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
10H	A	■	■	■	■	11G	A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	A	S	12S	■	■	■	13■	■	■	■	■	■
14B	E	15L	T	■	■	■	E	R	A	■	■	■	■	■
■	■	■	■	16■	O	B	■	O	Y	■	■	■	■	■
B	I	F	F	■	R	A	N	T	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	17S	T	A	■	E	■	18J	A	■	■	■	■	■	■

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 215 Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, AUG. 17

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

ADDRESS LABEL

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'
To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin dated August 31, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

Great events turn upon your response to this message

There are two gigantic tasks before us—to defend our Island Fortress and to prepare the great counter-strokes with which we shall finally win victory.

"Iron Sacrifice" alone can achieve the success of these great undertakings. Every shilling you spend on your own pleasure now means part of the Nation's resources lost—wasted. Every shilling you put into National Savings is directly helping to defend our country and to bring about the defeat of the enemy.

Go to a Post Office or your Bank and put your money into Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, or National War Bonds; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

Join a Savings Group. Make others join with you. Save regularly week by week.

There is no time to lose.

The need is urgent.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

"Not A Full Night's Sleep For 5 Years"

I Ventured To Try YEAST-VITE Brand TABLETS *And They* HAVE DONE WONDERS

Liverpool, April 12, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I hope you will pardon me for writing to you, but I think it my duty to let you know what your Yeast-Vite has done for me.

I have not had a full night's sleep for 5 years, until this week, when I saw your advert., and I have been so ill this last three weeks I ventured to try Yeast-Vite Tablets and they have done wonders. I am much better and able to do my duties. I will not be without them. If the general public only knew their value they, too, would keep a stock.

Thanking you for such an inexpensive cure.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M. P.

NERVOUS WRECK

Camberwell, S.E.5.
June 23rd, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing this letter to you concerning my husband who has been a nervous wreck, his troubles including nervous indigestion. After one and a half bottles of Yeast-Vite he is beginning to feel himself again, has recovered appetite and use of limbs, which he had nearly lost.

You may make use of this letter as you will.

(Sgd.) Mrs. C.

HEAD PAINS STOMACH TROUBLES SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Southwick, Sussex.
June 24th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am a damaged soldier of the Great War, was badly gassed March, 1918 (mustard gas). Since then I have been a martyr to head pains, stomach troubles, sleepless nights, until a friend recommended Yeast-Vite tablets. I began to feel the benefit after taking the tablets four times a day for a week. I recommend them most highly.

If you wish to publish this letter, you are most welcome to do so.

Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) Mr. R. G.

St. Helens.
June 16th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to tell you how wonderful your Yeast-Vite tablets are. I've had headaches for years. I've tried various remedies. I was recommended Yeast-Vite, and after a few weeks I felt much better. I never complain of headaches now.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. H.

"COMPLETELY RUN-DOWN"

Stockport.
April 14th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you about the good your Yeast-Vite tablets have done me. After giving birth to my baby, I was completely run-down, and I was ordered things I could ill afford. Seeing your advert. in a paper I decided to try a bottle and do not regret it. Yeast-Vite tablets built me up again in no time, at no cost at all.

I also give my children one each at bedtime. I think it is thanks to them I have got such bonny children.

Thanking you.

(Sgd.) Mrs. F.

TERRIFIC HEADACHES

Greenford, Middlesex.
June 13th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing on behalf of your wonderful Yeast-Vite.

My husband comes home with terrific headaches, and finds instant relief from Yeast-Vite.

Also I suffer with constipation, or I should say I did until I took Yeast-Vite. I am writing this letter as I cannot seem to tell enough people about them.

Wishing Yeast-Vite every success.

I remain, (Sgd.) Mrs. E. W.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. YEAST-VITE brand tablets are sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland, 13s. 2d. per annum, Abroad, 13s. per annum. Postage: Inland, 1½d.; Abroad, 1d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. By way of Trade, JOHN BULL shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of except at the full retail price of 2d. Nor shall it be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary, or pictorial matter whatsoever.

F. 60 | J.B.L. 136 | * 123